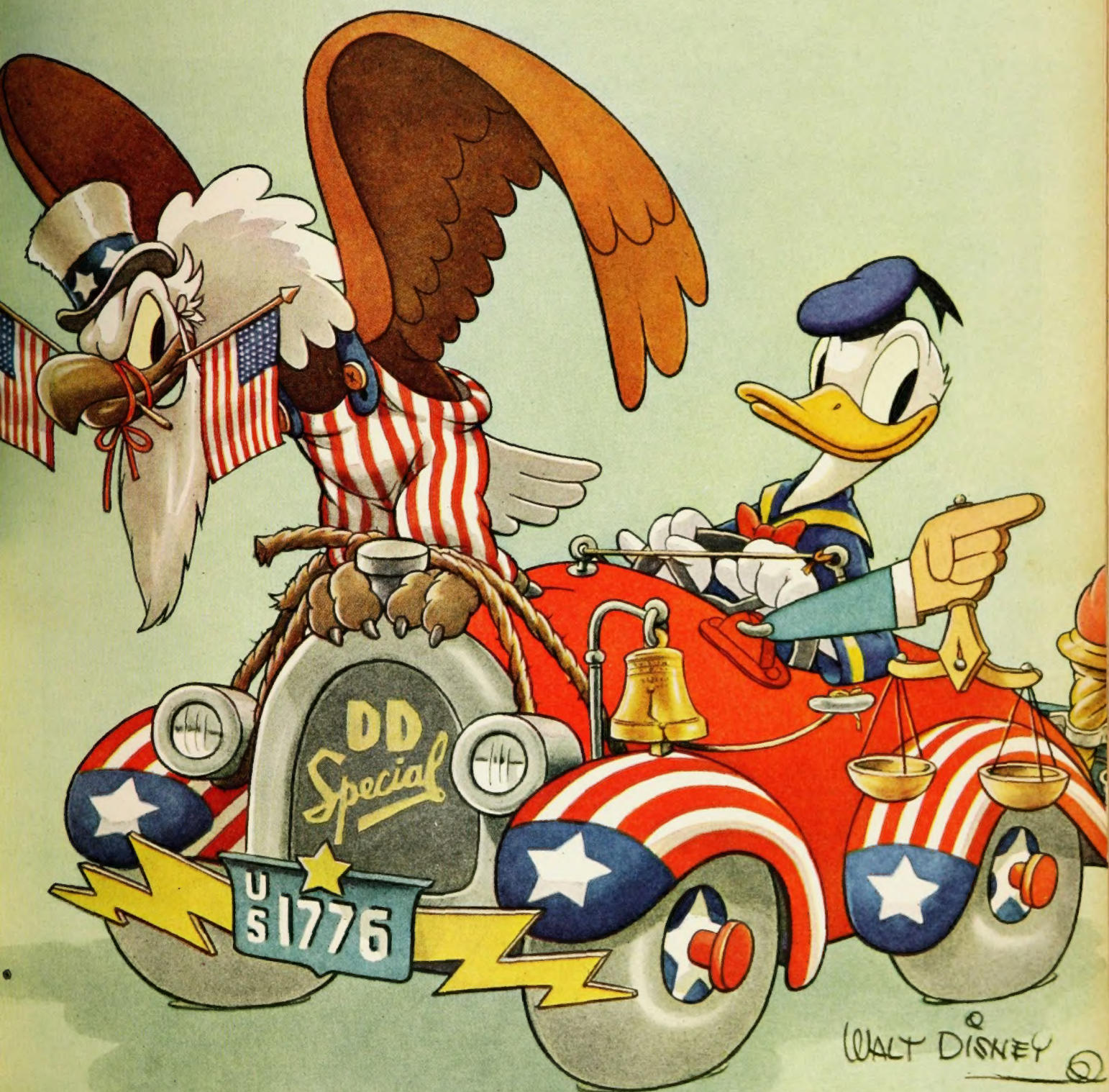


CT. 19, 1940



THE AMERICAN
WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢



MORE LOVE AFFAIRS OF MUSSOLINI
How I Beat the Social Game by Groucho Marx

The package that gets a welcome at home



The
six-bottle
carton

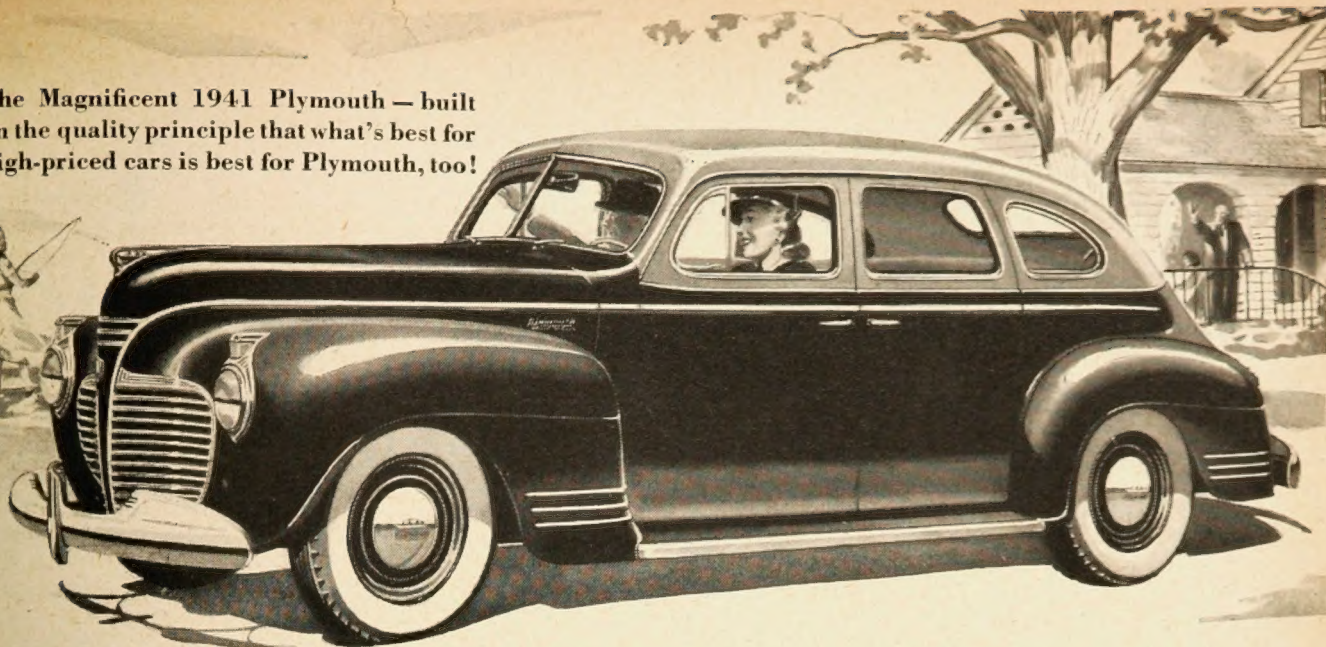
Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

Ice-cold Coca-Cola has made *the pause that refreshes* a family affair. With the six-bottle carton so easy to take home, you can always have Coca-Cola—ice-cold—in your refrigerator... within easy reach of your thirst.

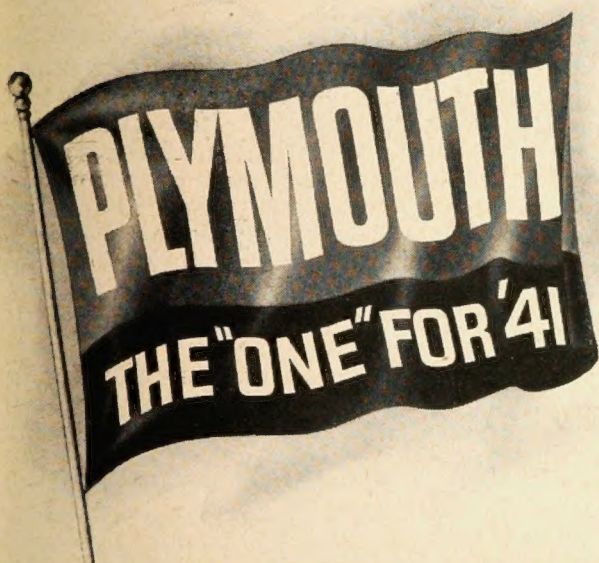
THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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The Magnificent 1941 Plymouth — built on the quality principle that what's best for high-priced cars is best for Plymouth, too!



It's All Come True



**A Grand New Car that Narrows the Gap
between High-Priced and Low-Priced Cars!
New Fashion-Tone Interior — New Powermatic
Shifting — 4-Way Step-Up in Performance.**

THIS NEW PLYMOUTH is so big (117-inch wheelbase), so luxurious, it's a pleasure to remind yourself that it's low-priced!

Inside, you'll find the delightful new *Fashion-Tone Interior*. And Plymouth's performance has been stepped up 4 ways...increased horsepower, increased torque, new transmission, and new axle ratio.

You get a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new Engine Bearings. Spring Covers are standard on

all models! Plymouth's the "One" for '41...see your nearby Plymouth dealer! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

Important Advancements

NEW SAFETY RIMS on wheels to prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of a blowout or puncture.

NEW COUNTERBALANCED TRUNK LID — goes up or down easily at a touch.

SPRING COVERS — big 6-inch tires — coil front springs — standard equipment on all Plymouth models.

Tune In Major Bowes, Thurs., C.B.S. See the 1941 Plymouth Commercial Cars!

TRY POWERMATIC SHIFTING — delightful new car operation — vast reductions in driving effort — and, with the new transmission, actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions.



FASHION-TONE INTERIOR — new luxury in every detail! Sumptuous two-tone upholstery in the Special De Luxe.



BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE DANGER OF LOSING A PRICELESS TREASURE



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

We have just passed the 153d anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States. All through the varying periods of war and peace, this document has been an invaluable guide . . . until the New Deal smeared it with discredit.

Throughout this long period we have profited in a miraculous manner by following these governmental principles . . . wealth beyond our most avaricious dreams. Our standard of living for all classes is so far above that furnished in European countries that comparisons are odious . . . to us.

Our workers are being paid far more than workers in any other country. The wage rate in some instances is several times that which is paid in some European countries. Seven times as much as they receive in Russia. Eight or ten times that paid in Japan. And the riches that have come to us are unquestionably due to our adherence to the governmental principles brought into being by the wisdom of our forefathers who drew up our Constitution.

Human selfishness necessary to individual protection can become an evil influence. Great difficulties sometimes arise when efforts are made to limit it. When people live in towns, cities, etc., certain definite rules must be made for their guidance. The general principle which we have recognized is that an individual should be free to follow his inclinations if he does not interfere with others in their enjoyment of a similar privilege.

There is something uplifting, inspiring, about that word freedom. To be free as a bird, to go and come according to your instinctive desires . . . to know that you can follow the lead of your own inspirations, and at all times to have before you a possible rich reward for individual efforts, is a stimulating force which has stirred the very souls of our people throughout the life of this nation.

It is this powerful impetus that has enabled us to monopolize the genius of the modern world. We have been the investigators, the creators. Nearly all modern inventions, many of which have revolutionized civilized life, have been brought into being in this country. Here in this free country inventive genius has flowered in full strength.

As we have pointed out previously in these columns, we can go over the list of inventions from Fulton's steamboat and the cotton gin to the last word in that intangible mystery we call radio, or to the intricate mechanics of aviation, and it is to the outstanding genius of citizens of this country we owe nearly all these priceless treasures.

But it is often stated that everything must come to an end . . . that human selfishness is naturally destructive . . . and the greater our possessions, the more we desire. The appetite grows upon what it feeds. There is no such thing as satiation, and the wealth of freedom which we have enjoyed can easily be lost.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." As indicated in the principles of our Constitution, the extraordinary wisdom of our pioneer ancestors had never been questioned until the New Deal came into power. To them, the wisdom of the schoolroom should replace that which came to the authors of this document through long years of suffering and experience. It is generally agreed that experience is the best teacher. Our ancestors laid down rules and regulations necessary to guide us that we might avoid the long years of suffering and persecution which they endured.

But all those troublesome times are far, far in the background. We have forgotten them and, according to the New Deal, we are now ready for schoolroom regimentation.

Our citizens need the guidance usually supplied to students. The infallible (?) knowledge of Washington officials will guide us. We need not prepare for or worry about the future. The government will take care of us . . . so the New Deal tells us. If a job is lost, insurance will protect us, and throughout all the experiences of our lives we can avoid the penalties for laziness, shiftlessness, or the neglect of the essentials required in the development of worth-while citizenship.

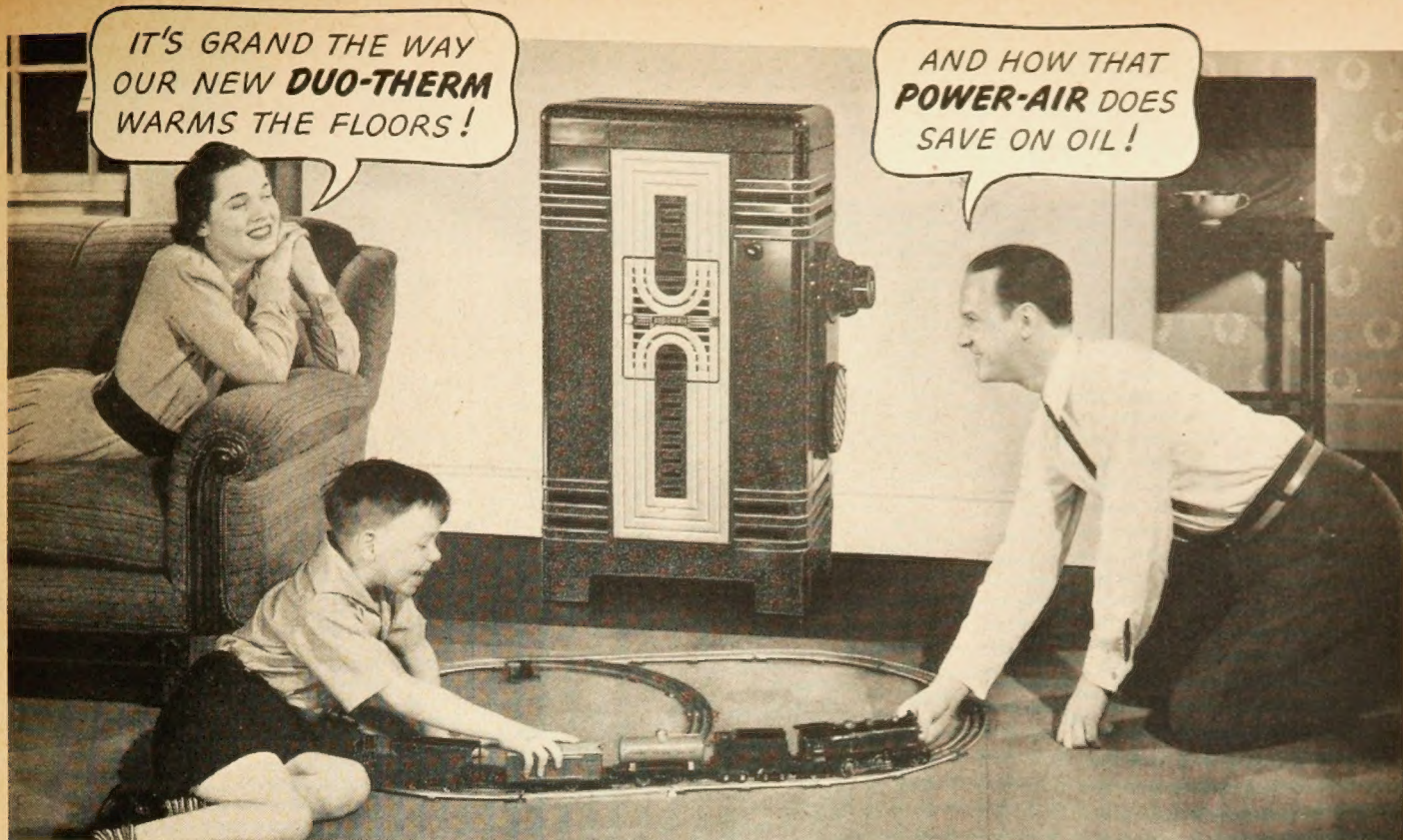
The continuation of such a policy would develop us into a nation of robots . . . mechanical beings turned out like shoes in a factory, lacking the ambition, enthusiasm, and fighting spirit required in development and maintenance of a powerful nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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New heater warms your whole house **FAST**— by forcing heat to every room!

THIS winter, you needn't fuss with coal, wood, ashes, soot, dirt and nuisance. Now you can enjoy clean, convenient *oil* heat—greater comfort—at a lower cost than ever before . . . thanks to Duo-Therm's amazing new Power-Air!*

Drives "fireside warmth" to every corner! Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives heat all through your house—makes heat circulate faster—warms far corners! Heat is forced to the floors! You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get what no fuel oil heater has ever offered before—the same *positive* forced heat as a modern basement furnace! And Power-Air also means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests made in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while actually using **LESS OIL** than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs

no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Other advantages you'll want! You can adjust the heat with the handy front-dial! For direct heat, open the radiant doors and warm yourself to the marrow! You get perfect combustion at *any* setting—more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—clean, quiet, *safe* operation with Duo-Therm's patented Bias-Baffle Burner! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

Extra! A cooling breeze in summer!



Switch on your Power-Air blower and enjoy a refreshing 27 mile-an-hour breeze! The powerful blower can be operated independently of the heater, and it will send a cooling breeze anywhere!

All these extras—at no extra cost! Even with Power-Air, Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Easy payments! Go to your Duo-Therm dealer and see the 12 beautiful models of America's largest-selling heater. Comes in sizes to heat from 1 to 6 rooms—in either the console or upright cabinet type. You can have Power-Air with whatever Duo-Therm you select! Learn more about this new kind of heater—send in the coupon now!

Uneven heat without Power-Air!	
	TOO HOT HERE 95°
	WARM HERE 79°
	COLD HERE 62°
This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!	

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!	
	WARM HERE 80°
	WARM HERE 72°
	WARM HERE 70°
Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat <i>down</i>—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!	

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

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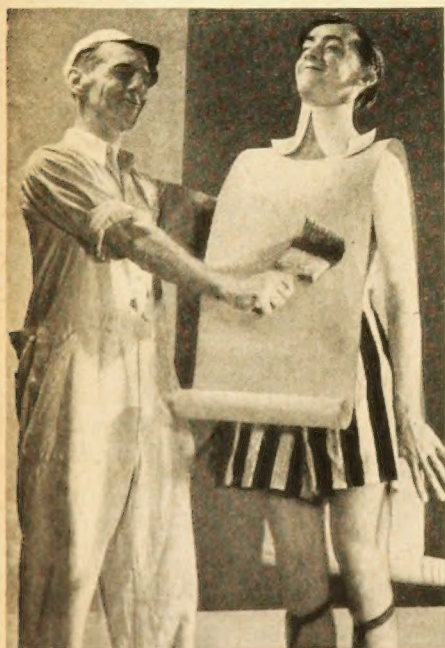
3 specialists you don't want making your shirts



1. **OMAR THE TENTMAKER** could make you nifty little shirts like this. Our advice is: Buy tents from Omar—buy shirts from Arrow. Their "Mitoga" figure-fit is shaped to the lines of your body.



2. **HENRY THE HARNESS MAKER** could turn out a nice, roomy collar for you. Take a tip: Buy harness from Henry—buy shirts from Arrow. They have perfect-fitting, perfect-looking Arrow collars.



3. **PETE THE PAPER HANGER'S** shirts'd fit like paper on the wall. Let Pete hang paper—buy Arrow Shirts. They're Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%)—*always* fit comfortably—*never* shrink out of fit.



4. **YOU WANT** the perfect fit and looks Arrow Shirts give you. Ask for Arrow Hitt (fine broadcloth, non-wilt collar) \$2—or Arrow Dale (superfine broadcloth with non-wilt collar) \$2.50. Other Arrow Shirts, \$2 up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit



"LIGHTNING" AS PROPHECY

JACKSON, LA. — Congratulations on Liberty's serial, *Lightning in the Night*, which is timely and may well be prophetic.

There has been controversy among our contemporary historians as to the turning point of peace and war in the period between World War I and World War II. The other day I decided to figure what was the exact turning point or halfway mark, in a calendar sense, between the end of the last war (November 11, 1918) and the beginning of this one (September 1, 1939). The result was April 6, 1929. In order to find out what, if anything, happened on that date, I looked over some old magazines and papers of that year.

If you will look through your files you will find that in the issue of *Liberty* for April 6, 1929, was published the first installment of *The Red Napoleon*.

Were *Liberty* and the late Floyd Gibbons prophetic?—*Henry Howell*.

HOW LIVE ON NINE CENTS?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Why not treat us to a bit of original poetry now and then? Or, instead of kings, queens, princes, princesses, actors, actresses, and the quins, why not a little article on some puzzling subject—for instance, many people would like to know how



to live on nine cents a day, or, better still, since it would take in more territory: "How much or how little money could one live on simply but well?" Not written by some one who tries it for a week, but by some one who has solved a problem that worries so many.—*Annette Fischer*.

¶ "Before long," sing out Six Sailors, "we look for an order something like this: Madam Admiral Frances Perkins, accompanied by Commodores Harry Hopkins and Ben Cohen, advised by Captain Harold Ickes of the Chaplain Corps, will inspect the fleet this date. All hands will be in dress blues, regardless of work being done."



SPELLING BEE FLASHBACK

CHICAGO, ILL.—Was I nervous! There were two of us left, and out of the stillness of that large assembly hall filled with our parents, relatives, and friends who had come to hear the public spell-down, the clear voice of our beloved principal rang out, "Supersede."

It was my turn! Gosh, is it s or is it c? Anyhow, I went down. And now,



after twenty-five years, that night was clearly recalled when I read the inside back cover of August 10 Liberty and found supersede spelled with a c.—
Ruth Christen.

“Whenever the Princess Kropotkin's page fails to appear, I feel she's been laid low by some of those fancy recipes she gives us,” speculates Fred M. O'Neill of Wrangell, Alaska.

IS THIS A GALLOP POLL?

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Somebody has asked, Why change horses?

If I had a nag that, after eight years of patient trial, was found to be unruly, hard to catch, hard to bridle and saddle; that had never learned to be bridle-wise; that would pitch and rear at most unexpected times, wouldn't stand without being hamstrung and hogtied, would roll to get the rider off, bite the hand that fed him, and kick and paw even when free; that never took kindly to a currycomb, had four white feet and a wicked eye, and would lay his ears back at anything from a dove to a mud turtle, I sure wouldn't lease him for another four years.

And if I met, even in the middle of a surging stream, a fellow riding a good-looking bay, young enough, and knew how to behave in saddle and harness, one that would pull when hitched to a telegraph pole and never pull back on a halter, I sure would trade right there in the middle of that muddy ford.—*R. J. Holmgreen.*

(Continued on page 8)

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Sue: No use, Anne! We'll never find a girl for Junior!



Anne: I know what he needs! It's more pep appeal! Look at what he eats. How can he expect to feel right? I'll bet he isn't getting all his vitamins.

Sue: Vitamins! Pep! That gives me an idea. I know a perfectly grand breakfast cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra rich in two of the important vitamins, B₁ and D. We'll start him tomorrow.



Junior: (next day) Say! While you two were lecturing me about vitamins, why didn't you tell me what a swell cereal PEP is. Best I ever tasted. It's me for it every day!



The Girls: (sometime later) Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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ANTI-FREEZE must circulate freely. Otherwise you waste it, your motor overheats, you may be headed for expensive trouble. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush before you put in anti-freeze (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

Sani-Flush removes rust, scale, sediment, sludge from the radiator. It is easy to use. Or, if you prefer, have your service station do the job. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. *Directions on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. . . . The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush **Safe** **NOT CAUSTIC**
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

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FREE Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 19 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Alimony for Husbands

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The basis for the doctrine that a husband must support his wife and children is the presumption indulged in that he is the head of the family and its chief breadwinner. In many cases this legal fiction is manifestly untrue and the application of the rule contrary to common sense and the experience of mankind.

The law must grow with the times and new social conditions require new laws to meet them.

In many families the wife is the only one capable of supporting her husband and children. She cannot, under the Decedents' Estate Law, disinherit her husband after her death, yet she can refuse to support him civilly while she is alive and able to do so. This is clearly unjust and in contradiction of the rising growth of woman's emancipation and her "coming into her own." Freedom has its privileges and rights

and correspondingly so its obligations.

No reason exists in equity or justice, according to our present sociological conditions and the growth of the law, why a woman should not be compelled, when she is well able, to pay alimony to her husband, just as the law requires him to shoulder this obligation when he is not in a position to do so. The Civil Practice Act should be amended so that in life as well as after death the husband will share in the reciprocal rights as well as the duties of the marital relationship. Should husbands receive alimony from their wives when they are in a position to pay it? Undoubtedly, yes; and the law should give meaning and effect to the trend of the times. Love may make the world go round; but alimony, where it is needed, keeps it from falling apart. —Meyer Kirschenbaum, Member of New York Bar.

NOW FULLY COVERED

ROXBORO, N. C.—The idea isn't to criticize any one but just to tell certain persons that Liberty has the best covers of any magazine I can think of. —Jo Spivey.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Give us more of the comical covers—something to make us laugh; not terrifying ones.—Carrie Sewell.

PENALTY, FIVE YARDS

OAKLAND, CALIF.—In the Football Quiz by Jim Crowley (September 7 Liberty) a slight mistake is made concerning the longest completed forward pass on record. Harold T. (Brick) Muller, the passer, and H. W. Stephens, the receiver, both played for the University of California at Los Angeles—not for the University of Southern California. Check it!—F. P. Carlsen.

[Quite a few Vox Poppers, not all of them Californians, have caught Coach Crowley—and Liberty—offside, or something, as to the identity of Muller's and Stephens' alma mater. Without exception, these letter writers make the correction in a sportsmanlike spirit.—Vox Pop Editor.]

“How many dollars make a man?” postulates J. F. Albitz of Albany, California. “How many dollars does it take to earn the income of an ordinary human working on a job? Dollars and human hands are both services. But why substitute dollars for human hands?”

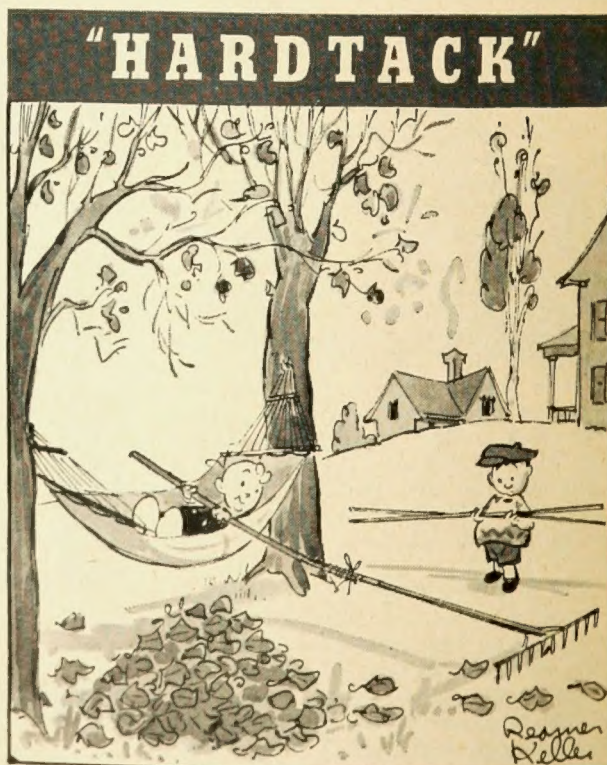
HOW TO TELL A YANKEE

VENICE, CALIF.—Quoting A. B. Longman in September 14 Vox Pop: “If a Cockney is ‘one born within sound of Bow bells,’ a Nazi ‘one within sound of Goebbels,’ just what is a Yankee?”

A Yankee is one who basks in the shelter of the Liberty Bell and trusts to keep it all it's cracked up to be.—A Massachusetts Yankee.

[Dozens of Vox Poppers, North, South, East, and West, have sent in this same answer to the Longman query. In fact, there is only one “unreconstructed” dissenter—the one whose answer appears below.—Vox Pop Editor.]

ATLANTA, GA.—What's a Yankee born within sound of? Why, “hell's bells,” of course!—W. L. Hunnicutt.



“Put on another extension, Peewee.”

HITLER'S WORST FEAR

AUGUSTA, GA.—Truly your magazine is the real spokesman of liberty for all genuine Americans and a journalistic banner of defense against the notorious world gangsters who would destroy liberty for all.

I have been particularly interested in your recent stories on Mr. Hitler—your exposés of the intimate life of his inner circle and of his movement to break down the sanctity of family life among the German people. It is really amusing to associate the fact that any Ger-



man maiden is the property of any Storm Trooper who may take a fancy to her with Mr. Hitler's avowed objective of "purifying" the German race through his atrocities on the Jews.

It is more than probable that Mr. Hitler's movement to destroy the ideal of marriage and "birth in wedlock" among the German people is the first step in the destruction of his own power and toward bringing him to his rightful position in life as the most hated man, even among his own people, that the world has ever known.

Let's have more in Liberty on the truth of world situations today; for, as Hitler's greatest weapon has been his mishandling of the truth, the weapon that he himself fears most of all is the truth.—Allston D. Calhoun, Jr.

CONTEST FOR CONTESTANTS

GROSSE POINTE PARK, MICH.—Here's my neck (August 17 Vox Pop). Exactly what we need is more contests in this worrisome era. I've entered nearly every Liberty contest in the past few years but never snared a prize. But—

How about some of these Liberty winners writing Vox Pop? Have a contest for the most interesting letters?

How about another contest for the best new ideas on other contests?—Ruth Allen.

WASHINGTON "LIGHT HOUSE"

PEORIA, ILL.—We are going to require a lot of guidance during the next few years, and especially after one lady has had "Her Day" and her husband has had "His Way."

When Wendell Willkie enters the President's mansion, I suggest that the name be changed from the White House to the Light House.—H. W. Sayles.

¶ "If your Vox Poppers were laid end to end (they ought to be!), how far would they reach?" asks Jerry Stuart of Cleveland, Ohio. "To Bedlam and back, I say."

THEY CALLED HIM SIMON LEGREE



"PUNISHMENT AHEAD!"

Every pert young thing shudders over that thought, when George gets that moonlight look in his eye. His bristly beard and rawhide skin torture like S. Legree's whip—thanks to old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to irritate and dry, make his skin coarse and rough.

(ADVERTISER'S NOTE TO GEORGE): You'll have better luck with the ladies if you get a Barbasol Face—a softer, smoother, cleaner, fresher-feeling skin—thanks to soothing benefits of modern Barbasol.



TAKES REAL SKILL to shave some ways—but not with Barbasol. You bag the whiskers the very first time, with no stubble standing, either. Barbasol sold at all drugstores, 25¢ and 50¢ tubes, 75¢ jars. Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢.



For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lathe—
No former

IN TWO PARTS—
PART ONE

MUSSOLINI didn't make love to me. So I cannot tell, as Mlle. Fontanges did, my reactions to his impassioned embraces. Which, for history's sake, is perhaps too bad, because I know exactly what they would have been and feel sure that they would have postponed Fascism at least a generation.

But Mlle. Fontanges' experience, thrilling as it may have been to her, is only one story in the library of love which is Benito Mussolini's life. Additions to that library, according

They may help to ease a problem which weighs more heavily with each recurring birthday on Grandpapa Benito's aging shoulders: to wit, how, in the name of Romulus, Caesar, Napoleon, and all his other saints, he is going to keep on heading a movement the theme song of which is,

*Giovinezza, giovinezza,
Primavera di bellezza!
(Youth, youth,
Springtime of beauty!)*

Time was, though, in the days when the ex-Red was trying to give much needed respectability to his newly launched anti-Red crusade, that his affairs with women, like his jail and police-court records, were, on the whole, successfully "shushed."

A wise man, the late William

MORE LOVE AFFAIRS OF *Mussolini*

New light on Il Duce's private life!—A lively, surprising sequel to a recent Liberty series

to the public prints, are still being made.

There was, for instance, the young woman described in the dispatches as "a bussable blonde from Hitler's Sudetenland," and there was also the brunette Roman charmer whom the lusty Duce is said to have cast off to make place for her.

The blonde presumably has not gotten to the autobiographical stage, though she must have promising material. Her way of making friends and influencing premiers was, of all things, winter sports; and so successful was her technique with this not too particular premier and "so overpowering did his passion for skiing become that his doctors, alarmed, ordered him to reduce the number of his expeditions."

The brunette, on the other hand, should be about ready to "tell all," since gossips agree that, when the break came, she was pregnant.

At fifty-seven, Mussolini doesn't object too strenuously to the circulation of stories which seem, in his week-end, to glorify his virility.

Bolitho, prophesied soon after Mussolini's rise to power that the real record of the Duce's private life would disappear within five years. It did. More than two hundred "lives" of Mussolini have since been written, several by ecstatic females who may not have been so intimate with Benito as La Fontanges, his shooting star, but who were apparently equally thrilled by his truly overpowering personality. But fewer than ten suggest even the possibility of the slightest deviation on his part from that path of domestic virtue which he recommends so assiduously to the embarrassed husbands of prize-winning fecund mothers.

Either the true Life of Mussolini has not yet been written by any one close to him in his less guarded days, or, like many another true book in dictator-day Europe, it has been burned. But the story of *les affaires Mussolini* still lives in the memories of those of us who "knew him when."

When I first saw Benito Mussolini, he was sitting at a paper-strewn table in a bare back room in Milan—

a grim, pale, neurotic young man—dashing off hell-fire editorials for a Socialist newspaper. At this stage he was demanding the uprising of the people, the occupation of the factories, the overthrow of the monarchy. The only thing which distinguished him from many another young radical was his reputation of being a devil among the ladies.

Another time—I couldn't say just how many years later—I remember noticing that he was still grim, still pale, still neurotic, and balding rap-





And her way of making friends and influencing premiers was, of all things, winter sports.

among the ruined monuments of the Forum, rising in a Billy Sunday jubilee chorus to the topmost tops of the Seven Hills. There is every indication, as Signor Mussolini is shouting from his balcony, that 'spring is here, and the fun is just beginning!'"

To me these three occasions will always remain the best short history of the Italian dictator. First, he was "ag'in" the government. Then he was "for" the government. Then he *was* the government. But always he was "for" Mussolini.

Which may give you an idea of what John Gunther meant when he wrote of the Duce many years later that "his career is that of the most formidable combination of turncoat, ruffian, and man of genius in modern history."

It was at the beginning of the Roman period, when the new Premier's press agents were firmly subordinating, for public consumption, the ruffian for the man of genius, that the great silence began on those romantic interludes which had so far marked the great man's swashbuckling career; but, as all the world has since been told, the interludes themselves continued joyously to occur.

But if it was difficult, right after the famous march on Rome—which Mussolini, by the way, made in a sleeping-car berth after all the dan-

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ger was over—to get the lowdown on Benito's romantic adventures, it was easy enough in the old Milan days, when his circle of intimates still included many who had known the youthful firebrand almost from that July day in 1883 when he was born in the little village of Dovia di Predappio, where Father Mussolini, the local anarchist, ran first a blacksmith's shop and later a pub.

It was in the latter establishment, some twenty years later, after several years spent in Switzerland and Austria, that Benito Mussolini met and seduced the simple, kindly lady whom we now know as his wife.

One hesitates to speak of this phase of Donna Rachele's career for fear of doing an injustice to a woman who proved herself, under the greatest difficulties, a loyal helpmeet to her common-law husband. What follows is, I believe, the fairest and most accurate version of this affair:

"It was shortly after his second visit to Austria that Benito, a rare visitor at home, noticed the pretty servant whom his father had employed for more than a year. Papa Alessandro, lonely ~~at the time~~, had found it difficult to ~~be~~ *private* ~~at~~ *at* café. Fortunately, they ~~of the~~ arrived in town a handsomely ~~of~~ *an* widow with a pretty ~~grey~~ *young* child. They were glad to find employment, the former

idly. Again he was writing hell-fire editorials, again he was preaching an uprising of the people, but this time in behalf or supposedly in behalf of the King and his (Mussolini's) masters, the great Italian industrialists who were to make Fascism possible.

His reputation for being a bad boy in a boudoir was still intact, and he had added to it the perhaps less substantiated reputation of heroism in battle.

Yet another time—perhaps five years later—I wrote these words in the room where Mussolini enjoyed the first hours of his Roman triumph: "He is now receiving a welcome such as no man has known since Julius Caesar pranced down the Sacred Way with 'all Gaul' bleeding at his chariot wheels. The 'Viva's' and 'Si, si's' of forty thousand cheering, weeping, laughing Fascisti are echoing up and down the narrow stretch of the Corso, re-echoing

as housekeeper, the latter as scullery maid of the Agnello, and eventually the widow became Alessandro's mistress, while the girl, Rachele Guidi, waited on table, washed the wineglasses, and worshiped the achievements of her master's eldest son, Benito. . . .

RACHELE was young and blonde and sweet and innocent. Without coquetry and pretensions, she fell in love with the handsome youth with the soulful eyes. But she was only a servant girl, while Benito was a man of the world, a man who had already established himself as a person of importance, and who spoke of his 'will to power' and other things she could not understand.

"To young Mussolini, returned from several years of work and travel, with the memory of one love affair indistinguishable from that of many others, the idea of marriage was non-existent when he beheld the child he had seen several years before grown into a startlingly attractive young woman. He did not fall in love with her, but he desired her. And she, who worshiped him and could not hope for marriage with such a great personality, believed that 'love was the pardon for any sin of the flesh,' as Mme. Jeanne Bordeaux, who alone among Mussolini's worshipful admirers mentions the romantic episode, says in explanation.

"But Papa Mussolini, learning soon enough that his son was the lover of the sweet girl whose mother was his own mistress, shook his head, and said to Rachele Guidi: 'Do not let yourself think of that young man. Better for you to throw yourself under a train. If you marry him you will have neither peace nor happiness.'

"But Rachele never regretted her passionate surrender to Benito. When they moved from the village to Milan, Rachele and their daughter Edda accompanied him and they lived as signor and signora. In all these years Rachele was content to love and remain a servant; she never spoke a word of advice or reproach, she sank into oblivion when the leading radicals came to the house to discuss the proletarian revolution, she waited on table, was grateful for a kind word sometimes, refused to listen to tales of other women in her common-law husband's life, and never poisoned it by nagging for a few words mumbled by a clerk which would legalize her position.

"Although no record has been found of a marriage between Benito and Rachele, some admirers of the Duce declare that it took place during the war, while others place it much later, the eve of the signature of the armistice with the Pope, and the signing of the armistice of statesmanship and diplomacy, she was built upon this supposed fact. Mussolini's agent."

But we are far ahead of our story.

Not that there were earlier roman-

tic episodes in Dovia which are a matter of record, but there is his own confession, written in one of his rare moments of revelation, that "I was not a good boy . . . I was an audacious *ladro campestre*," a phrase which is translatable according to the dictionary as "a rural thief," though softened characteristically by his admiring lady biographers to read "a young buccaneer." And it was this early tendency to defy the law—expressed for the first time in a major way when he fled from compulsory military service—which led directly to what was undoubtedly the greatest love affair of his life.

As for the boy's badness, its importance may have grown in Mussolini's mind with the passing years. It was *his* badness, wasn't it, *his*, *Mussolini's*? It must, therefore, have been the baddest badness imaginable! So far as record shows, it consisted chiefly of loafing around his father's shop and later his saloon, picking up anarchistic ideas and associates, until Mother Mussolini—Rosa Maltoni—that was—took him firmly by his delicate, almost feminine hands, and marched him off to school.

His mother, who seems to have been one of those exceptional women who sometimes produce exceptional men, had been a schoolteacher, and although husband Alessandro, being violently anticlerical, opposed sending Benito to the local school—which was, of course, a church school—her better counsel had prevailed. Benito not only went to school but in time became a schoolteacher himself.

AFTER Dovia came the interval in Switzerland, which he explains as being caused by his views having "conflicted with those of the Italian government. I was the victim of the love of freedom and individuality." The records of the government, if they have not been destroyed, put it another way. Officially, on the 10th of April, 1904, he was listed in his home judicial district as *renitente di leva*—one who deserts before being called to the colors.

Anyway, he went to Switzerland, although he would much rather have gone to the United States. Even in Switzerland he did not give up the dream.

"It was a fifty-per-cent chance," he once said. ". . . Times were hard in Switzerland. I thought I would try my fortune in America, as so many Italians did at that time. I knew I could get work in my line. I was a mason. Well, I tossed a coin."

He was silent, meditating; he seemed to be following that coin up and down, spinning through the air; then he sighed, "Youth, youth, a dream. I wonder what would have become of me in America? What would I be now?"

And what would have become of America? Would it have had another gang leader to deal with, one crueller, wiser, greater than Scarface Capone? And would he have risen, as he did in Italy, to be a gang leader bigger than

the government—so big that he became the government?

Fortunately, we do not have to answer these questions. Young Benito not only went to Switzerland, but there he came under the influence of the woman who, more than any other person except perhaps his mother, molded his life.

Comrade Angelica Balabanoff is described by George Seldes, the distinguished foreign correspondent—frequent excerpts from whose book, *Sawdust Caesar*, are incorporated by permission in these chapters—as "the soul and moving force of the Russian revolutionary movement in Switzerland, which was in reality the mind and spirit of the Russian revolution of 1917. This woman, whose life is a book of amazement, occupied the unique position of comrade, associate, fellow worker, with the two most contradictory dictators of this modern world, Lenin and Mussolini.

WITH Lenin and with Trotsky, and with other Red leaders, Comrade

Angelica sat as an equal, sometimes even occupying a higher elected position, at conferences, internationales, public meetings. . . . With the Black leader the situation was different, for it was she who took him in hand and began his education as a Red, teaching him the first principles of Karl Marx, whose follower she has always been."

Mussolini's life in Switzerland, until he met Comrade Angelica, had been one of extreme poverty mixed with extreme violence. On the violent side there are many incidents, some of them having to do with women:

"In a Zurich beer restaurant, his admirers relate with joy, Mussolini, in an altercation with a waitress over a franc, became so angry when some one placed a hand upon his shoulder that he called out that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of a compatriot, and accordingly three Italians arose and the four thoroughly wrecked the place.

"In Berne there was another case of the boardinghouse mistress and the handsome black-eyed boarder. Was it owing to political feeling or was it lovers' jealousy? Anyhow, there were two pistol shots, no bloodshed."

On the poverty side, the young refugee had about reached the lowest level when Angelica Balabanoff picked him out of the mire. First he had found odd jobs, one in a delicatessen shop and one in a chocolate factory. Subsequently he learned the mason's trade, at which he worked when opportunity offered.

There was terror in his eyes when Comrade Balabanoff met him that first night in the small meeting room of the Italians of Lausanne more than thirty years ago. The account which follows is set forth so far as possible in her own words:

There were quite a few there, workingmen and workingwomen, all very poor, all eager for the riches of a Socialist paradise, all at least washed

and clean. But in the corner sat a man in filth. His face was unwashed, his clothes, which had been slept in, bore the traces of the sand and dirt of the little projections of land under the Grand Pont. He had flashing black eyes, a bulging jaw as well as bulging eyes, a bellicose bearing with a timid, cringing demeanor, nervous and inquiet. It was the first time he had come to hear the famous Russian.

"Who is that strange creature?" Comrade Balabanoff asked a mason after she had finished speaking.

"The most miserable being I ever met," the mason replied. "He is an Italian, like us, and at home was supposed to be a schoolteacher, but he was always getting into scrapes, and he drank too much. Then when the time came to do his military service he fled to Switzerland, and now he is a tramp. But he says he is a Socialist and I think he means well."

"A tramp? Is he so poor?"

"He sleeps under the bridge. Except when I take him in and give him my bed when I am out at work."

Others came up and shook the speaker's hand, as was the custom, then drifted out. Comrade Angelica went to the unhappy vagabond.

"I hear you have no job," she said kindly. "Can I help you?"

"No, nobody can help me," Mussolini replied, somewhat dramatically. "I am condemned to remain a wretched vagabond all my life."

"Do not despair. Look at these men here. They are all proletarians like you, but when they became Socialists they found they had a great deal to live for—a great ideal."

BUT I can't. My father was a drunkard, and besides I have a congenital sickness for which I have to thank him. I can't work and I can't be militant. I will have to die as miserably as I am living."

"No, no," she replied. "I will see that something is done for you."

The man never looked up, never changed his black expression, but fidgeted endlessly. Later he said timidly:

"I have just had an opportunity to earn fifty francs, but I lost it, of course. I was not able to do the work. A Socialist editor offered me fifty francs if I would translate Kautsky's pamphlet, *The Coming Revolution*. But I do not know German and I do not know the Marxian terminology."

Comrade Angelica offered to help. She resided at that time in Lugano, in the Italian-speaking part of Switzerland, but came often to Zurich and Berne, now more frequently, not so much for the purpose of helping a man earn ten dollars but to rehabilitate his character. They would meet at the railroad station or at the club.

"He worked very hard, and although I was young at the time," says Balabanoff, "I at once realized that the man's nature was very susceptible to the influence of suggestion. I felt that I had given him confidence in himself. I noticed that during the time I worked with him

he did not again speak of his inability to earn his living. He showed strong ambition to complete the task, and it seemed to me that his efforts were due to a desire for personal success rather than an enthusiasm for our cause. But what surprised me most in him at that epoch was his great helplessness; it was that which had inspired my pity for him."

Helpless he may have been, but inactive never. His enthusiasm for the Red cause took the form, as was to be expected, of violent outbursts against the authorities, which resulted in his being driven across Switzerland from canton to canton and finally from the country. Altogether he was arrested eleven times in Switzerland, Austria, and his own country. Psychiatrists, at least, are convinced that the claustrophobia



from which the great man suffers and the reckless speed by car and plane to which he is addicted stem from long confinement in prison.

After Mussolini's expulsion from Switzerland he wrote to Comrade Angelica frequently from Trento, telling of his activities and success as a journalist. He was meeting notable irredenta patriots who were to influence his actions in 1914, and a woman, Irene Desler, who was to play a dramatic episode in his life.

Then came a birthday amnesty from the King which permitted military deserters to return to Italy. Benito availed himself of the opportunity; and there followed the episode of Rachele Guidi's seduction, his fruitful life with her as common-law man and wife, his authorship of *The Cardinal's Mistress*, and finally his gradual emergence as a man of promise among the Italian radicals.

In 1909, in his home province of Forlì, he started his first paper, the Socialist *La Lotta di Classi* (*The Struggle of the Classes*). And in 1912, largely through the influence of Comrade Angelica Balabanoff, he was chosen editor of the official Socialist organ *Avanti*, published in Milan. He accepted his new post only after Angelica had agreed to act as his assistant editor. As a result, they collaborated for about a year and a half. Not a single decision of importance was taken by him without consulting his guiding star.

That Benito Mussolini later went back on his Socialist and pacifist associates and produced a pro-war newspaper with the gold of the France which he has since helped to destroy is now generally accepted as fact. The question of whether the money or the change of policy came first is something with which we do not need to concern ourselves here.

We do know, however, that in 1914 he turned his back on the woman who had raised him from filth and tended him through illnesses, and that—although there are hundreds of witnesses to testify that for ten years she influenced his every thought and deed—Angelica Balabanoff is not mentioned in his autobiography!

But if Benito "sold out his crowd," he paid for it dearly. By advocating war, he who had fled even peacetime military service was plunged into war. He was wounded—his friends say in the heat of battle, his enemies say in the *derrière*—but, far more importantly for our purposes, his private life was mercilessly exposed.

MR. SELDES, who was for years closer to the Duce than any other non-Italian, states the situation with commendable restraint:

"In September, when Mussolini was called up, there occurred an event of personal and emotional significance, but not unlike the experience of many other soldiers in many other countries. Cast-off wives, cast-off mistresses, forgotten children, doubtful children, began to appear in various parts of the country. The call to arms had revealed many men leading double or triple lives, under many names in many cities and strange ports.

"Mussolini the rebel had never believed in the sacredness of marriage. But now, because he was famous as an editor and warmaker, and leaving for the front, several women came forward to ask him for a marriage ceremony, or to safeguard their common children, or to provide themselves with financial security in the form of a pension should the soldier fall. It was a matter of finances.

"At the office of the *Avanti*, these women presented their cases and offered their documents, but the Socialist paper refused to give them publicity. These were personal, not political, matters in which the journal did not care to interest itself. The two most important cases brought to the attention of the *Avanti* editors were those of Signorina Rachele Guidi and Signora Irene Desler-Albini, each seeking the soldier's remittance because each was the mother of one or more children of whom Mussolini was the common parent."

Of Irene Desler, "the other Mrs. Mussolini," there is much to tell!

Next week come further amazing revelations about the private life of a dictator. Read of the strange Desler affair, and of the mystery that shrouds the parentage of the fiery Edda, Il Duce's daughter.

"ME TOO, BUT—"

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE
INTERIOR



READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SO far, Mr. Willkie has been running behind the President, not against him. He is trying to "Me Too, But—" his way into the White House.

Mr. Willkie would make more progress if he did not wobble all over the track. Mr. Willkie announced his firm support of the Hull reciprocal trade agreements *but* he does not want to talk about them now. In a speech delivered by him in New York in 1935 he said: "No duty has ever come to me in my life, even that in the service of my country, which has so appealed to my sense of social obligation, patriotism, and love of mankind as this, my obligation to say and do what I can for the preservation of public utilities, privately owned." *But* he prefers that this should not now be recalled. He feels the same way about his membership in Tammany Hall.

In his acceptance speech Mr. Willkie made a brave declaration of defiance of Hitler after accusing the President of "warmongering," and then he slipped in one of his famous "But" clauses, saying, "But if we had to trade with a Europe dominated by the present German trade policies we might have to change our methods to some totalitarian form."

This sensational admission by Mr. Willkie that, as candidate for President, he has in the back of his mind the possibility of a totalitarian government for the United States seems to have escaped the alert eyes of the columnists and editorial writers.

After President Roosevelt had announced himself in support of the selective service bill, Mr. Willkie, having no program of his own, said "Me Too." With respect to the administration's farm policy, Mr. Willkie at Des Moines, Iowa, apparently firmly took a boldly announced "Me Too" position. Mr. Willkie has also "Me Tooed" the other principal ob-

jectives of the New Deal, but his assurances would carry more weight if he were not the current candidate of all of the reactionary elements in the country that, for more than seven years, have bitterly resisted every New Deal advance, while raging bitterly against the man who was responsible for the domestic and foreign policies that Mr. Willkie now endorses.

There are two important matters with respect to which Mr. Willkie's "Me Too, But—" attitude is particularly illuminating—and alarming. When the Senate adopted the amendment to the conscription bill giving the President power to take over facilities and factories essential to defense if their operators should prove recalcitrant in meeting the defense needs of the nation, Mr. Willkie denounced this as a step toward "socialization or Sovietization" of industry. "Me Too" Willkie was willing that the man power of the country should be drafted, but he argued that dollars were sacred and that to require industry also to serve the flag, even at a profit, was a profanation.

By this one act alone Mr. Willkie proved himself to be the simple barefoot Wall Street lawyer.

But Mr. Willkie, in some mysterious fashion, came to see the error of his ways. There is no one who can weasel more quickly if votes are to be saved. His belated "But" clause was an unwilling admission that there might be circumstances in which even the sacred dollar could be called to the colors. But the country was aware that this was only a clever lawyer's way of trying to extricate himself from an untenable position.

When President Roosevelt announced that Great Britain would get fifty destroyers, in return for which the United States would be given 99-year lease-holds for naval bases that are vitally essential to our defense, Willkie said that the Presi-

dent's objective was right, "*but*" he should have done it some other way. The Great Utilitarian wanted us to debate the question while England bled to death fighting not only for her own life but for the existence of democracy in the world. Then, after thinking about the subject for a few more days, Mr. Willkie decided and "with quiet deliberation" announced that when President Roosevelt, within his constitutional and legal powers, completed such an act as Mr. Willkie had professed that he was in favor of, he had performed "the most dictatorial act of any President in the history of the United States."

Apparently Mr. Willkie forgot that when Thomas Jefferson bought Louisiana, he too was denounced as a dictator.

The next four years are going to be perhaps the most critical years in our country's history. More than ever we will need the steadiest, the wisest, and the most experienced leadership we can possibly get. Even President Roosevelt's bitterest enemies admit that, in foreign affairs particularly, he has shown superb

The opening guns in a 194
four-star battle . . . to b
continued in an early issue

statesmanship. His fame and prestige as a leader of democracy are known throughout the world.

It would be an act of unexampled folly and inconceivable recklessness on the part of the American people to exchange the tested leadership of President Roosevelt for an utterly inexperienced public-utility lawyer whose only claim to consideration is that he has successfully represented, and won the gratitude of, some of the biggest interests in Wall Street.



IT JUST AIN'T SO

BY SENATOR
STYLES BRIDGES
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

TO attempt to reply to Mr. Ickes is much like trying to answer the clamor of a steam dredge scooping up mud, for the throwing of mud represents about all there is to the Ickes capacity for legitimate debate.

Mr. Ickes loves to refer to Mr. Willkie as the "barefoot boy of Wall Street." He cannot in his heart believe the American people are going to be fooled by any such campaign tactics, when the facts are, the Republican Presidential nominee came up the hard way, while the Third Term candidate is the one who has benefited by inherited riches.

Mr. Roosevelt, by his complete repudiation of his 1932 platform and his inconsistencies on almost every conceivable subject, is the one who has "wobbled all over the track"—not only wobbled but so often completely reversed himself as to make his word anything but dependable.

Mr. Willkie has never denied his belief in the preservation of private industry, including public utilities, from the totalitarian control the New Deal has emulated and toward the completion of which it is constantly accelerating its pace.

It is not necessary for the President to be elected to a third term to install a dictatorship in the United States, as Mr. Roosevelt has already succeeded in accomplishing this objective in large degree.

For proof we have only to point out the bureaucracies created under the New Deal, and from the arbitrary mandates of which the citizen, in many cases, is denied even the right to appeal to the courts. Then there is Mr. Roosevelt's virtual domination, by the power of appointment, of the Supreme Court and the Attorney General's office—as instanced by the decision on the destroyers' transfer. To make his control complete is the supine obedience to his will of the New Deal majority in Congress and, finally, Mr. Roosevelt's ability to draft him-

self for a third term, in defiance of tradition, through a mock Convention the delegates to which were principally federal officeholders depending for their political and economic existence on the President's pleasure.

Mr. Ickes' attempt to read into Mr. Willkie's acceptance speech any suggestion that, under his leadership, totalitarianism in any form could retain its present foothold in the government of the United States is sublimely ridiculous. It must make even the Democratic donkey laugh.

When it comes to preparedness, selective service, or any of the manifold preparations for defense that have been so delayed and fumbled by Mr. Roosevelt, the American people know just where Mr. Willkie stands.

In his acceptance address Mr. Willkie outspokenly declared himself in favor of selective service. He believes equally that industry should be required to contribute its full share to the national defense but not—under the false pretense of conscripting wealth—to give the government dictatorial powers over the radio and the press, and to conscript labor, as "facilities" the government may take over at whim. This is the policy of Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini.

Nor has Mr. Willkie hesitated to declare himself on the administration's foreign policies, on which he is largely but not wholly agreed. Mr. Willkie does not believe that steps "short of war" to aid Great Britain should be the means of leading us into war, toward which the present administration is unmistakably headed.

Mr. Willkie desires peace without appeasement, and has given his pledge that the American people will never be led into war by him.

The President failed to take the people or Congress into his confidence in the transfer of American destroyers to Great Britain. There

can be no doubt that the obtaining of American air and naval bases from Great Britain in exchange was a good Yankee deal and, as such, has appealed to the general gratification of the public.

But what other pacts have been concluded or are under way in the Pacific or elsewhere of which the American people are ignorant?

This is not the American, the democratic way. Even the much quoted Jeffersonian Louisiana Purchase, which Mr. Roosevelt offers as a precedent, was ratified by the Senate of the United States. The Senate has not even been asked to ratify the agreement—amounting virtually to an alliance—with Great Britain.

I am in agreement with Mr. Ickes when, near the conclusion of his statement, he says:

"The next four years are going to be perhaps the most critical years in our country's history. More than ever we will need the steadiest, the wisest, and the most experienced leadership we can possibly get."

But for his final paragraph I should like to substitute:

It would be an act of unexampled folly and inconceivable recklessness on the part of the American people to continue the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt after the experience of seven years of New Deal futility and failure and to entrust the future guidance of this nation to a man who regards himself as indispensable and whose lust for individual power is insatiable; a man who believes not in the democratic processes of a government of laws, not of men, under the Constitution, but who, by his every act, has shown his belief and faith in the domination of all agencies of government by the Executive.

This is the way, not toward total defense of the American nation and its institutions, but the way toward their total destruction.

THE END

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATOR
DAVID BERGER

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

YOU have a kid brother and he's running with a tough crowd and he won't take advice, and now and then he tells you he's eighteen and kindly mind your own business. You don't hate him, you don't tell him you're through. Oh, you cuss at him and raise a little hell sometimes. But you don't quit. He's your kid brother. You've taken care of him ever since your father killed himself six years ago.

It was Jim O'Neill who told me about my father. Sergeant Jim O'Neill of the police force. He and my dad were rookie cops together a long time ago and together they worked up to be sergeants. But there never was a breath of scandal about O'Neill; he was straight. He told me the day after the funeral, but he didn't tell Dan. Dan was just twelve, too young to understand. But I was seventeen and O'Neill realized that I already knew something was wrong. So he told me.

"He was a good man, Ned, and most of the time he was a good cop," the sergeant said. "He was fine and gay and reckless, and he was like a lot of other men who are fine and gay and reckless. He let temptation run off with him after your mother died. You don't want to remember him that way. You want to remember him the way he was when he'd get the afternoon off and take you and Danny to the ball game. And you've got Danny to think about. You've got to raise him up like he should be raised up. See?"

So I had Dan on my hands, and loved it. I got a job driving a truck. Dan and I moved into a room on Baxter Street. I made fair money and I dressed Dan just as good as any kid at school. I helped him with his lessons every night. I raised the dickens when he brought back a poor report card. Saturday nights I took him to the movies. You could say that I mothered him too much; but that seemed to be my job, and it was fun.

One time I caught a bunch of kids deviling him on the way home from school and some older fellows egging them on. I jumped the whole gang, and my knuckles felt good cracking on heads. The blood on my mouth even tasted good. Then Sergeant O'Neill happened along and broke it up. He wasn't on duty that day; he was just taking a walk with his daughter.

"You don't want to baby him,

Ned," Mr. O'Neill said. "He's got to take his knocks now and again."

I said, "Yes, sir."

But I wasn't looking at him. She was fifteen then, Linda O'Neill, and I'll never forget the rich Irish blue of her eyes or the fact that she wasn't like some of the fifteen-year-olds down on Baxter Street, already painting their faces and staring at the boys. She gave me one clear look and turned her eyes away, and all of a sudden I was ashamed for her to see me with my face cut and bruised and blood all over my chin.

That very night Dan and I moved from Baxter Street.

But I didn't see Linda again for two years. Then Mr. O'Neill called up one day and said his daughter was giving a party that night and would I like to come? That was just after I got the job at the automobile agency and I had a little money to spare. I got me a whole new outfit. But, sitting with Linda, I realized all of a sudden that my shoes were too yellow and my tie looked like the Fourth of July. It wasn't anything she did; it was just one little glance from her eyes.

The next time I saw her I looked different, and her eyes were different, too.

And then all at once, the way time goes, Dan was eighteen and graduating from high school and Linda was engaged to me. She and Mr. O'Neill sat with me in the audience when Dan got his diploma, and Linda's eyes were just as wet as mine and Mr. O'Neill seemed to have trouble clearing his throat.

He looked grand, Dan did. Tall and straight and handsome, and fine and gay and reckless. The lump in



Kid brother

Drama! . . . The stirring story of a boy in peril, a young man in love, and a gallant girl's loyal heart



He had his elbows on the coverlet and his face in his two hands, and he was crying.

my throat got bigger and bigger. I forgot how impatient and restless and sharp-tongued he'd been the last six months, and how he'd taken to running around with fellows like Frank Terry. I just remembered what a lovable kid he'd been before that. Working hard, getting good marks, playing a little football, and really starring at shortstop in baseball. Sure, I said to myself, he's fiery and impatient. Sure, he flies off the handle sometimes. What do you expect in a healthy kid?

Dan and I went to the O'Neills' for supper that night. We were going to talk over the future. I'd been put in charge now of the repair department at the agency and I was making enough for Linda and me to be married, but she and her father both understood that if Dan wanted college, I was going to give it to him and Linda would wait.

We had a fine talk, the four of us. I loved old man Jim O'Neill that night. He just sat there, big and quiet and dependable, not saying much himself but understanding everything we said.

But Dan didn't want to go to college. He got up on his feet when he told us this. He whacked me once on the shoulder, and his voice was first husky, then clear. And he looked like that picture of my father that was taken when he was nineteen.

"I've been on your hands long enough. I'm going to get a job. Maybe I'll save enough money to go to college later on."

"Don't think about Ned and me," Linda said quickly. "If you want to—"

"I know," Dan broke in, and he whacked her shoulder, too. "But I'm on my own from now on."

And then he left us. He had a date and would we excuse him? So Linda and her father and I sat there alone. I was so proud of the kid I was talking a blue streak. I remember that Linda was all attention and that the sergeant smiled indulgently at me. But when he got up to leave us he said: "The sooner Dan gets a job the better."

"Sure," I said. "But I'm not going to let him take just any old thing."

"Any old thing is better than nothing," the sergeant said.

JOBS were scarce that summer. The kid tramped the streets for six weeks. Then he got so restless and impatient and sulky over not finding what he wanted that I gave him fifty dollars, lent him my car, and told him to go off on a little trip all by himself. I didn't even bawl him out when he came back and I found that he'd taken Frank Terry with him. I just wished that it had been a kid named Ted Sawyer. A year ago Dan and Ted had been thick as thieves, but Ted didn't come around any more.

"That bus of yours will do ninety on a straight stretch," Dan said, the first night he was home.

I did give him a lecture about speed, but I wasn't worried. That kid was the best driver I'd ever seen. He didn't take chances, either, except on those straight clear stretches.

He sat around a while that night, and finally I suggested a movie. But he wasn't interested. Anyway, he teased me, I'd better get along over to O'Neill's and make sure Linda wasn't two-timing me. I took a playful poke at him, and he caught my wrist and I felt his fingers jumping. It didn't seem the trip had done much good. He was nervous and on edge. I smelled a whiff of liquor on his breath. But I held my tongue.

"Damn this town!" he said suddenly. "Damn any town that hasn't got jobs enough to go round!"

"Take it easy," I told him. "You've got plenty of time."

"Plenty of time to live off you."

He bounced to his feet and said he was going out. I couldn't help it; I was just an old woman; I asked him where. He turned and stared at me and bit his lip. A pulse was throbbing in his throat. "Honestly, Ned, you'd think I was still in knee pants. If you've got to know, I thought I'd drop round and see Ted Sawyer."

"Fine," I said. "Ted will be tickled to see you."

It was two o'clock when he came in. His face looked haggard and thin and he'd had another drink or so. Somehow he reminded me of himself when he was a little kid, right after the old man died. A little kid down with pneumonia and the nurse or me, one, hanging over his bed every minute of the day and night. But I didn't like the idea of that liquor, and I told him so. He didn't say anything; just looked tired and sulky and whipped, the way my father looked once when I wanted to go off to a summer camp and he didn't have the money to send me.

"Ted glad to see you?" I said finally.

"Yeh. We played checkers."

DAN was asleep the next morning when I left for work. I pulled the shades down so he could sleep as long as he wanted to without the light waking him. Then I started for the agency, and met Ted Sawyer on the street; and Ted said, "Where's that brother of yours keeping himself? Haven't seen him since dogs learned to howl."

That night wasn't so good. Dan came into the room about eight o'clock and started changing clothes right away to go out again. He changed into a gray suit and went to the mirror to knot his tie. When I said, "Who beat playing checkers last night?" he swung round and stared at me, and he knew I was wise to his lie.

"O. K.," he said. "I was out with a girl. I told you a little white lie, brother! There's a telephone downstairs. Why don't you call the police?"

I wanted to do two things. I wanted to sock him, and I wanted to put my arm around his shoulders

and make him sit down on the bed by me and talk things over. But I didn't do either one. I said, "The sooner you get a job, Dan, the better."

"Well, I'm still looking!"

I couldn't help being nasty. I just spoke before I knew exactly what I was going to say: "You might try looking with somebody else than Frank Terry!"

His eyes—they're blacker than mine—got cold and distant. "I don't pick *your* friends."

"Thank heaven for that!"

"Listen, Ned. You're just sore because I—"

"Because you lied to me? Sure, I'm sore about that. I'm sore, too, because you run around with a bunch of deadheads. I—" But he'd jerked on his gray coat and was headed for the door. "Where're you going?"

"To see some deadheads," he threw over his shoulder.

"Tell me where you're going!"

He looked at me, and he was just as sorry as I was. But he was proud, too. He started to say something, then clamped his teeth over his lips. What he did say finally was, "Oh, let me alone!"

I DROVE around to Linda's thirty minutes later. She was alone, the old man being on night duty then. I told her just how lost and miserable I felt. She put her arms around me and said the things your girl says to you at a time like that. She said, too, that tomorrow night she and Dan and I and a girl she knew down the street would make up a foursome and go dancing.

It was eleven o'clock when I started home. On Bay Street I stopped at a drugstore for cigarettes. When I came out, a green sedan roared away from a service station up at the next corner. A cop sprinted along the sidewalk. A spurt of fire flashed out from the right-hand side of the sedan, and the cop fell down and lay still. The sedan whistled past me. I saw the driver's gray suit and the glint of the gun in the other guy's hand.

I was sick right there on the street, sick as I ran toward the wounded cop—and sicker than ever when I saw it was old man O'Neill. He'd been on inspection duty in that neighborhood and had happened along just as the green sedan started away from the service station that had been held up. I followed the ambulance to the hospital. A cop and the service-station guy rode with me. The service-station boy told the story.

He'd been alone, just fixing to close up. The green sedan had stopped. Before he could get outside, a guy with his hatbrim pulled low and a gun in his hand had walked into the station. Seventy-three dollars he'd got and then beat it to the waiting car. No, the guy said, he hadn't seen the driver, but he thought he'd recognize the other fellow if he ever saw him again.

They told me at the hospital that it was tough and go with Sergeant O'Neill. Linda was there now, and she swayed against me; but I couldn't bear the touch of her then. I guess I ran out of the hospital. Where I was the rest of the night, I don't know. When I came to myself at daylight I was driving along a country road thirty miles from town.

AT home I found Dan lying on his bed. He said, "Who's keeping late hours now?"

I said, "Oh, I've been trailing a murderer. There was a hold-up in town last night and they killed Sergeant O'Neill."

I saw all the color go out of his face. I saw his eyes, and I hated to see them.

"You didn't know he was the cop running down the street, did you? You just wanted to get back at this town that wouldn't give you a job that suited you. You and your buddy! It was a nice arrangement—you to do the driving and him the holding up and killing!"

I walked over and hit him hard on the mouth. He didn't fight back; just turned over and sank his face into the pillow. I tried to hit him again, and somehow couldn't, and realized that wouldn't do any good anyway.

All of a sudden he sat up. "O. K. Let's go find the cops."

I ran out of the room and down the stairs to the phone. I dialed the hospital. Some time later, maybe forty years, the information desk answered.

Information said that the bullet had been extracted and that Sergeant O'Neill would live.

Somewhere down the street I found a newsstand and a paper. It was there on the front page, all right. The sergeant was in a critical condition—they'd gone to press before the crisis was passed—but the police had a clue or two. They'd already found the car believed to have been used. A green sedan that had been stolen on Baxter Street and abandoned down near the docks.

I walked back to the room. Dan still lay on the bed, but he got to his feet when I came in.

"Get your clothes on," I said. "I'm taking you—"

"You don't have to *take* me anywhere."

And then—well, it's like I told you. You have a kid brother. I grabbed him and forced him back down on the bed. I ran across the room and locked the door. I jerked the shades down.

"He's not dead," I said. "You didn't shoot him, anyway. It was Frank in the car with you, wasn't it?"

The kid wouldn't answer except to say, "I'm ready when you are."

"You stay here," I said. "Maybe he didn't recognize you. I'm going to find out. Maybe—maybe—"

You have a kid brother?

(Continued on page 21)

A BIG NEW FORD ***WITH A NEW KIND OF RIDE!***



1941 FEATURES

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NEW Vision All Around
NEW Faster Acceleration
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Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River will be the most massive structure ever built by man. Beer and ale taxes, Federal, State and local, could quickly pay for it.



BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION



(Continued from page 18)

There were people in the sergeant's room at the hospital: a reporter, a doctor, a nurse, two policemen, and Linda. I didn't look at her. I just stood there at the foot of his bed. He looked awful sick, but there was fire in his eyes and no smile on his face when he glanced at me. I thought, What's he waiting for? Why doesn't he go ahead and tell them? What is he waiting for?

I found out.

"Did you get a good look at either of the men, sergeant?" the reporter asked.

"Just the driver," said old man O'Neill, and I think my heart stopped altogether.

"Could you identify—"

"I'd recognize him if I ever saw him again!"

He didn't say that to the reporter. He said it to me, looking down over the bed at me, with never a break in his harsh old voice or in the steely stare of his old blue eyes. I knew now why he hadn't told. He was giving me a break. His old eyes were saying: Here's your chance. Get that brother of yours away. And both of you get out of my life and out of my daughter's life!

I took one look at Linda as I walked past, and she smiled at me and said, "Wait outside for me, Ned." But I didn't wait outside or anywhere else. If she talked with me, I'd blurt the whole thing out. I stopped in the corridor, gazed back at the closed door, and said a silent good-by to her. Then I beat it for the elevator.

My mind was clear and it was fast. At the bank I drew out two hundred dollars. I filled the tank with gasoline. Oh, I wasn't dazed and stupefied any more. I knew what I had to do and how to do it. After it was all over there'd be plenty of time to think about Linda. Linda! My heart turned over. Maybe—maybe a long time later. No, guess not. No, not after a thing like this. Girl marries brother of man who drove get-away car night her father was shot! That would be a laugh!

I DROVE fast down the street. I had to hurry, hurry. There was a feeling in me that when it was all over I'd go crazy. But I wasn't going crazy now. There were too many things to do. I tried thinking about Dan when he was a kid, but I couldn't get a clear picture. And that was just as well. The thing to do was fill my mind with the present and blot out everything else. Everything! Be hard and cold and quick!

The sunlight was a long splash of gold along the street. Out here there were trees and a wind to sing through their branches. Overhead the sky was clean and fresh, as if it had just had its face washed. Or maybe I was already beginning to go crazy.

It's funny, the things I remember from that ride: A cop at a corner talking to a fat woman waiting for

the downtown bus. A colored girl sweeping somebody's front porch. Half a dozen kids playing in a vacant lot. A girl that walked with Linda's free, easy, exciting rhythm.

The car stopped with a jerk. I ran out and up the stairs to our room. Dan sat on the bed waiting. All his life he'd waited for me. Why not? I ran to the closet, got a suitcase, and began throwing his clothes into it. My tongue went like a flywheel.

"He's going to live!" I repeated. "He gave us a break. Here, throw these shirts in. Hurry! We—"

"You better let me—"

"Shut up!" I shouted. "I'm tak-

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ing you as far north as Washington before the cops run their clues down. Listen, kid. It's the only way. Don't you see the old man gave us a break? Will you hurry up! You want the cops to catch us here?"

But he wasn't any good to me. I had to do it all. He stood—no, he seemed to be hanging more than standing—he hung there like a drunken man. Even grown men are that way when they realize what they've got into. His face looked awful. I grabbed him and shook him. It didn't do any good. If anything, the lines in his face got deeper. His eyes were lifeless, just two black marbles in the dead white of his face.

"There!" I said.

We were ready and the cops hadn't come. I let the breath out of me in a gasping sigh. Then a knock rattled the door. I kicked the suitcase out of sight under the bed and crossed the room. Garson, the plain-clothes man, came in.

I remember Garson and me shouting at each other, but I can't remember all we said. Finally Garson yelled: "Just the same, I'm taking him to the hospital! Frank Terry has skipped town and him and this kid have been seen together a lot

lately. You want to tell me anything, kid?"

Dan's face was as gray as dust. Still, somehow, it seemed a little relaxed now, almost relieved. He opened his mouth and, quick as a flash, I saw he'd had enough. He was going to blurt out the whole thing. I stepped between him and Garson.

"Keep your mouth shut, Dan," I said. "These cops will take any little thing you say and twist it so—"

"Your old man was a cop, wasn't he?" Garson said. "Come on, Dan."

So we went down the stairs and out to the street. The sunlight wasn't golden now, just muddy-looking. We'd ride over to the hospital and the business there wouldn't take over a pair of undersized minutes. After that—well, I'd fight with the best lawyer I could find. But even if he hadn't fired the shot, he'd driven the car, and he'd go to the penitentiary. Jailbird!

LINDA gave a little cry when the three of us walked into her old man's room at the hospital. She jumped up and put the back of her hand against her mouth. I looked away quick—looked away and met the old man's eyes. They were bright and hard and cold. They were mad, too, when he winced at a sudden pain from the wound. He didn't look at Dan. He just stared at me, and those eyes were saying: I gave you your chance. Why didn't you take it?

Garson said: "Is this the boy, sergeant, that was driving the car?"

I heard a swift movement and suddenly an arm slipped through mine. Looking down, I found that it was Linda's. She raised her eyes, and I saw in them that she knew as well as I did what the old guy was going to say. But she didn't take her arm away from mine. I saw the old guy look at her.

"No, Garson," the sergeant said. "Why, hell, I've known this boy since he was a baby!"

We went out into the corridor then, Linda and Garson and myself. Garson said something about everybody making a mistake now and then, and how a policeman had to investigate every angle. And I said, sure, and no hard feelings. Then Garson wished me good luck and I wished the same back at him, and he went marching along the corridor to the elevator.

Ten minutes later Linda and I walked back into the room. Dan was sitting in a chair beside the sergeant's bed. He had his elbows down on the coverlet and his face in his two hands, and he was crying. Sometimes it's not bad at all to hear a kid cry. Sometimes it tells you things—wonderful things. The sergeant gave us one look out of his old blue eyes and nodded quickly toward the door.

So we went out again, Linda and I, and down the street to a coffee shop, and on the way we passed a florist's and I bought Linda a geranium.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THOUSANDS and thousands of us inspect the Congressional Library when we visit Washington, but how many of us ever catch sight of its two chief guardians? We rarely behold Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, and we *never* see the cat that prevents the mice from nibbling the library's priceless volumes. Because, by United States law, no government property may be insured, the Congressional Library cat is an important functionary.

I talked with Mr. MacLeish in his study—frescoed walls, carved columns, and ornate Victorian arches supporting nothing whatever. The view from the windows is superb, and Mr. MacLeish is a poet. In his study I counted sixteen massive and mournful chairs, two sepulchral couches. Asked if he found the room inspiring, his eyes twinkled as he replied:

"Fifteen chairs too many. A poet needs solitude. I haven't written as much as a limerick since my appointment here. I hold conferences. I answer inquiring letters."

Because of the war, innumerable questions of international law are referred to the Library of Congress. Work is complicated by other queries, such as Lewis Gannett's passion to learn for sure whether or not Thomas Jefferson introduced the tomato to American agriculture. . . . Most precious Library exhibits are the Gutenberg Bible and England's loan copy of the Magna Charta. . . . Yet the chief attraction is still the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence. . . . Few women visitors know that the Library of Congress contains one of the world's greatest collections of *cook-books!*

tried to find out what type of reading the White House prefers. Nothing official, of course, but I can tell you that boxes of mystery books go to the W. H. regularly.

I didn't meet the Congressional Library cat, because he had run away. He's expected back, however, so please don't send substitute cats to the Library. Mr. MacLeish's staff will entomb me if you send them any cats.

☆ Can you imagine how you would feel if you should wake up married to a complete illiterate—a handsome charming man who couldn't read or write? You may think such a circumstance impossible nowadays. I assure you it isn't. Last summer it actually happened to a girl whose family I know. The man is an or-

phan who fought his way up through rough construction work to lucrative contracting. Knows his job; earns important money; but some strange quirk of mind obstructs him from learning his letters. His bride was horrified when she first found it out. She is horrified still—but she loves him.

☆ *Apple Dandy* is one of the best autumn desserts I know. Peel and core 6 medium-sized cooking apples. Drain well and let cool. Place upright, side by side, in a fireproof dish as deep as the apples are high. Fill center of each apple with quince, blackberry, or other fruit preserve. Now for the dough: Rub 1 small cream cheese smooth with 1 cup heavy sour cream. Add yolks of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon sifted flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon baking powder. Stir vigorously, then add 3 stiffly whipped egg whites and ¼ teaspoon lemon extract. Pour dough over apples; bake 35-40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve cold, not chilled.

☆ With her family, Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxemburg recently visited President Roosevelt, to whom she might claim kindred ties that few of us realize. By origin the President himself is part Luxemburgois. On his mother's side, one of his ancestors was Philip of Lanoy, who came to this country in 1621 on the good ship *Fortune*. Philip hailed from Clervaux, in Luxemburg, where to this day the family's ancient castle stands with its sorcerer's tower intact. So it did, anyhow, up to the time of the Nazi occupation. Castle archives are said to hold official letters confirming the Roosevelt connection. All family trees have tangled branches. Tracing the roots is an interesting game.

☆ Art booms here while bombs burst abroad, and we aren't the only ones to turn our taste toward native American art products. Cultured refugees buy as many as they can afford. I heard an English lady say, "Your fine California crystals and chinaware now stand up to anything of the kind made in Europe, and are much less expensive." She admired particularly the new hand-painted place cards of kaolin ware, which you can write guests' names on, then wash off and use again. Los Angeles-made, these cost about \$5 for a set of six. Plates, finger bowls, and vases of etched California crystal are lovely in big flower or leaf designs. A large vase costs around \$6. Amusing novelties from Laguna Beach are the blackamoor candlesticks of colored ceramic. Some day they'll probably be hunted eagerly as quaint antiques.



"All right! But does he have to do his good deed every day?"

In a roundabout way I

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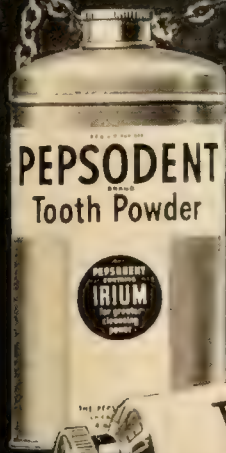
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To Tommy she looked
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into Eden on the
wings of the morning.

Unexpected *Uncle*

BY ERIC HATCH

New excitements plunge into a novel
alive with laughter and gay romance

SETON MANSLEY, smooth, sixtyish, who looks important but isn't, saves her job for Kathleen Brown, sales-girl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue by pretending to Clayton, the manager, that he is a director in the firm. Johnsy Hamilton, wealthy shoe manufacturer and playboy who is interested in Kathleen, meets Mansley, assumes that he is the girl's uncle, and invites them both to dinner. There they meet Tommy Hargreave, who falls hard for Kathleen, Carol West, who is greatly amused by the debonair Mansley, and Sarah, Johnsy's snobbish sister, who is antagonistic to both the newcomers.

After the party Johnsy has an accident in his car and Kathleen takes him to her room, whereupon she is put out by the landlady. She leaves Johnsy there, notifies Sarah to send for him, and goes to Mansley's trailer which is parked at a motor camp.

Trouble comes in the morning. Clayton, who has discovered that Mansley is not a director, calls the police, and Sarah, because Johnsy has disappeared from Kathleen's room, wants her arrested on a charge of kidnapping.

Kathleen loses her job and she and Mansley, with Horace Quenton, a young man from the motor camp, escape the law by going with Carol West to the fashionable Hobe Sound Beach Club. They are having lunch when Kathleen spies Johnsy at a near-by table. Annoyed that he can appear so light-hearted after having caused her so much trouble, she quarrels with him and he leaves.

Back on his yacht, the Python, he sits on deck and scribbles frantically on a piece of paper. The deck steward guesses that he is working on a new campaign for his business, but when he finally gets a glimpse of the notes, he can't possibly believe that he is reading what his eyes assure him he is reading.

PART FIVE— JOHNSY LAYS A TRAP

ON the first page was a list, a really extraordinary list. It ran:

9 A. M.: Forget-me-nots. With note begging forgiveness.

It was while she was sitting on the grass with the rabbits that she saw the Rolls-Bentley.

10 A. M.: Old-fashioned bouquet, rub flowers.
11 " Blood-pressure machine permanently set at 200 deg.
12 M. 1 pr. white rabbits. Note—for Funny bunny.
1 P. M.: 1 artif. grass pathway plus rose petals.
4 " 1 pr. Hamilton evening slippers, coral. Have F. fly them down. Note — for drinking out of.
5 " 1 gramophone record, Oh, Johnsy. Have F. record in N. Y. on way down.
6 " Rolls-Bentley.
7 " Python sails with the boys.
10 " Arr.

The steward was still leaning over the table reading when Johnsy returned from the telephone. White with fright, he sprang to attention. Johnsy looked at him in silence for a moment, then he said, "Wilkins, I ought to fire you. Instead of that I'm going to torture you."

The steward gulped and said, "Yessir." He could well believe it. Torturing, he had heard, was one of the things demented people did best. Johnsy fought back a grin.



"It's refined torture, Wilkins. I'm not going to let you find out what a single one of those notes means. You're going to worry about it and try to guess, and you're going to go on guessing and worrying for hours and hours. You can start right now. Beat it."

Wilkins muttered "Yessir" again and took himself off. His emotions were mixed. He thought it was uncommonly decent of Johnsy not to have fired him, but he thought unless he got drunk he would go quite mad trying to guess what that list meant.

Johnsy settled himself to work again. He took fresh paper and began another series of notes, more elaborate this time. These were notes about Kathleen's possible reactions—all her possible reactions to the attack he was planning. It was exactly what he did in his business: wrote down the other man's point of view, tried to understand it, and then figured the best means of changing it to the point of view that would come nearest to suiting his plans. It always worked in the shoe business. He didn't see any reason why it shouldn't work now. After all, Kathleen was only a girl; she ought to be much easier to win over than some of the Yankees he'd traded with.

HE was still busy when Sarah came home with Tommy Hargreave.

Tommy, as has been said, was not gifted, but he had what he called a good nose for a cold scent. It was too simple. If he hung around Sarah he'd find out where Johnsy'd gone, and then of course he'd find out where his dream girl had gone, and then he'd go there. Unlike Johnsy, he had planned no campaign. He would just go where she was and goggle at her for as many hours of the day and night as she'd let him, and hope for the best. True, this system had never got him anywhere before, but that was no reason why it shouldn't some time. He was, therefore, almost as disappointed as Sarah at seeing Johnsy sitting quietly on his own deck. He was, on the other hand, glad he was going to be chaperoned. Sarah, in smashing fettle at the rout of Kathleen, had all evening been amiable to the point of embarrassment. He had been almost afraid to bring her home.

"Well, Johnsy!" said Sarah. "Here you are, and I was just coming home to set a candle in the window for you. Have fun?"

"No," said Johnsy. "Hello, Tommy. Drink? Wilkins! Drink for Mr. Hargreave."

He turned his notes face down, saw Sarah eying them, so picked them up, folded them, and stuck them in the top of his shorts.

"Business?" said Sarah.

"I've got a deal on," said Johnsy.

"Will our being here bother you? We can go forward if it will."

Sarah always effaced herself when it looked as though her brother was about to make some money. She really believed she did it from the

right motives. Johnsy said he was all finished. Sarah smiled.

"By the way," she said, "your bosom pals last night turned out to be crooks." She saw him scowl and hurried on: "It seems he passed himself off as a director of Parkes', but that clever Mr. Clayton saw through him. Isn't that amusing?"

"I thought it was pretty funny," said Johnsy, "when he told me about it last night."

"He told you! And you still had him to . . ."

"Oh, Sarah," said Tommy Hargreave, "why not? If you can do something like that to somebody like Clayton, that's wonderful. Mansley told me about it too. I thought it was somebody else you were talking about when you said he was a crook."

Sarah felt mildly punctured, but she wasn't undone yet.

"What I was leading up to," she said, "was that they've disappeared. The police wanted to question them, both of them—about—some things—and they fled. They're hiding out somewhere now. I think it's too amusing—after your having them for dinner." She laughed. "Hiding out. Imagine!"

Johnsy's reaction surprised her. He didn't get angry. He smiled.

"I know that too," he said. "I even know where."

"Where?" snapped Tommy.

Johnsy laughed.

"I bumped into them on the beach terrace at Hobe Sound," he said. "They were with Carol West and another bird." He paused, lit a cigarette. He was enjoying himself. "I phoned the club there a little while ago to see if they were still there." He drew deep on the cigarette, blew smoke through his nostrils. "I was told," he went on, "by the very high-class desk clerk of that very high-class establishment that Miss Brown and her uncle, Mr. Mansley, were staying on at the club for several days as the guests of a couple of Van Rensaelers."

"Van Rensaelers!" It was as though Sarah had said God.

Johnsy's grin twisted. "Why not?" he said. "They're very charming people."

There was a little silence. All three of them were thinking. Tommy finished thinking first. He shot out his wrist and looked at his watch.

"Gotta go," he said, standing up. "See a man. Night, Sarah. Night, Johnsy."

He almost ran in his hurry to leave the boat. Once more Johnsy laughed.

"The competition," he said. "And I'd almost forgotten about him!"

With that he pulled out his notes and, completely ignoring his sister, set to work again with his planning. He knew that in a big deal you had to cover all angles.

MORNING found Seton Mansley lying late abed. He had in the bed with him a very small hang-over, so he lay for a time without moving, looking up at the mahoga-

nized metal roof of his trailer. The hang-over wasn't bad. It was, in fact, rather a companionable little hang-over, for as it lay on the pillow beside him, beating gently on his temples with tiny golden hammers, it reminded him of what a splendid time he'd had the night before.

The poker game, for instance, at the Van Rensaelers'. That had been a honey. He'd had great luck. He'd won the price of at least four new dresses for Kathleen—evening dresses. Horace Quenton and Carol had played too. Quenton had acted stuffy about going to the Van Rensaelers' house until Carol had said to Mr. Van Rensaeler, "Quenton owns a dilemma. He hates capitalists but he loves me. Do forgive him." And Quenton had gone crimson and said, "Like hell I love you, ma'am," and Carol had said, "He's a teamster and drover and I think he's cute, even if he is afraid to play poker with people who know how." Quenton, too, had won a little money.

KATHLEEN and Mrs. Van Rensaeler hadn't played but had watched and, after the servants went to bed, had kept the glasses filled. Mansley's smile softened as he thought of Kathleen. He was beginning to forget she wasn't really his niece. Every one else naturally felt she was, and it was making him believe it too. She had looked well last night. The homey evening in the luxurious background of the Van Rensaeler house had suited her perfectly. She hadn't, for a moment, posed or pretended. She had, as always, been perfectly natural and so had endeared herself the way Sarah Hamilton, for instance, never could have in a place where the way you'd been brought up stood for more than the amount of money you either owned or owed.

Presently Mansley folded his hands on his chest.

"So," he said, "'here hath been dawning another blue day: Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?'" He considered for a second, then said, "Betcherlife!"

He turned over, wrapped a sheet over his head, mummy fashion, to keep out the light, and dozed. He was hardly settled before a scratching sound on the window screen made him wake up again. The scratching was accompanied by a whispering. He listened.

"Hey, Kathleen, are you awake? It's me—Tommy. Are you awake?"

Mansley's bed shook with a vast chuckle. Pitching his voice to a high squeak, he said, "Yes, Tommy. I'm awake. What about you?"

"I'm as awake as I ever get," said Tommy.

"Ooh," said Mansley. "Goody!"

"Lemme in," said Tommy.

"Tommy wants in."

"Blow me a kiss," squeaked Mansley.

He heard a chirruping noise outside, got out of bed and scrambled across the room on all fours. Then

(Continued on page 28)

FREE! \$29,000.00

CASH & PRIZES

\$1,000.00 CASH 1ST PRIZE

Plus 100 New 1941 ZENITH Radios

EVERY
WEEK
FOR SIX
WEEKS

And \$5,000.00 CASH GRAND PRIZE AT END OF CONTEST

IT'S EASY! HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just Finish this Sentence:

"I like new Super-Speed Old Dutch Cleanser because-----"

(Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less)

PURPOSE OF CONTEST:

to induce more women to try amazing new **SUPER-SPEED OLD DUTCH CLEANSER**—greatest cleanser improvement of modern times!

Imagine! A crisp new \$1,000.00 bill given EVERY WEEK for six weeks! And \$5,000.00 CASH as the thrilling Grand Prize at the contest's close. Plus 100 new 1941 Zenith \$29.95 Universal Portable Radios with detachable Wavemagnet—the sensational new radio that's the hit of the year—given as additional prizes EACH and EVERY WEEK—600 in all!

What you do to win is easy as A, B, C—and won't take five minutes of your time! Just finish this sentence, "I like new **SUPER-SPEED OLD DUTCH CLEANSER**....." in 25 additional words or less.

What's more—fancy writing or flowery words do not count extra. Just give your own sincere opinion of new **SUPER-SPEED Old Dutch!** A simple statement that pops into your mind while you're reading this announcement may win you \$6,000.00 CASH! (See examples at right.)

In finishing your sentence remember that new **SUPER-SPEED Old Dutch** is a sensational "new-type" cleanser. Even though you've used Old Dutch for years, you'll find new **SUPER-SPEED Old Dutch** literally amazing. For it contains a new

GIVEN FREE...
600 AMAZING 1941 ZENITH
\$29.95 PORTABLE RADIOS
The Most Popular Radio
in America Today!

wonder-working ingredient to cut grease. Hence new **SUPER-SPEED Old Dutch** brings you true **double-action** cleansing—the grease-cutting power of its new miracle ingredient speeding the cleansing-action of its famous Seismotite. And millions are switching to it because it does these amazing things.

(1) **Cleans 50% faster**—actually 50% faster than the Old Dutch you've known before. (2) Ends hard scouring, ends hard rubbing—a few quick wipes and sinks, bathtubs, pots and pans come sparkling clean. (3) Yet is safe as ever for porcelain, metal or polished surfaces—it *doesn't scratch!* And it's kind to your hands! (4) Economical, too—goes so much farther than less efficient cleansers.

Enter now—and as many times as you wish! There's a new contest every week for six weeks. \$1,000.00 cash first prize—101 chances to win a prize every week. Plus \$5,000.00 CASH grand prize at the contest's close. Start now, read rules below!

Ask for OLD DUTCH at your dealer's. No change in the package, no advance in price.

Enter Now!

—first weekly contest closes midnight October 20th, with a new weekly contest each week through November 24th.

1940 OCTOBER 1940						
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THINK OF IT! A NEW CONTEST—WITH NEW PRIZES—EVERY WEEK FOR 6 WEEKS! SO ENTER NOW—ENTER EVERY WEEK AND SEND AS MANY ENTRIES EACH WEEK AS YOU LIKE! EVERY ENTRY BOOSTS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Simply complete the sentence, "I like new **Super-Speed Old Dutch Cleanser** because....." in 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write plainly your name and address.

2. Mail to Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. LM-10, Box 1093, Chicago, Illinois. You may enter each contest as many times as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by the windmill pictures from 3 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser (or facsimiles).

3. There will be six weekly contests running from October 14 through November 24, 1940. Prizes in each weekly contest are: \$1,000.00 cash 1st prize each week

and 100 1941-Model Zenith \$29.95 Universal Portable Radios with built-in detachable Wavemagnet each week as additional prizes. At the end of six weeks an additional \$5,000.00 cash grand prize will be awarded to the best of the weekly winners.

4. Entries received before October 20 will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week must be postmarked not later than November 24 and received by December 4.

5. Entries will be judged for sincerity, originality, and aptness of thought. Decisions of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No

entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Old Dutch Cleanser.

6. Any resident of the continental United States or the Dominion of Canada may compete except employees of The Cudahy Packing Company, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all United States, Canadian and local regulations.

7. Weekly cash prize winners will be announced approximately one week after close of each contest over Old Dutch Cleanser's "Bachelor's Children" radio program. The winner of the \$5,000.00 cash grand prize will be announced over this program on approximately December 16. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete list of all winners will be sent on request after December 22.

Last (6th) Weekly Contest Closes at Midnight, November 24, 1940

ONLY RADIO
with the sensational
WAVEMAGNET
U. S. PATENT
NO. 2,164,251



Plays where no portables fail—on trains, planes, ships, autos. Works 3 ways—on its own battery, AC or DC current. Styled like expensive airplane luggage—the size and shape of an overnight bag. No matter how many radios you have—you'll want this new radio sensation.
•Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

HOW TO WIN! READ CAREFULLY

To write a winning sentence, first decide what you like best about new **Super-Speed Old Dutch**. Then simply write your sentence to include those points.

For example, if new **Super-Speed Old Dutch's** faster cleaning means most to you, you might say, "I like new **Super-Speed Old Dutch Cleanser** because it cleans so much faster everything comes sparkling bright in just half the time and with half the work!" Or if the way that its new ingredient cuts grease seems most important, you might say, "I like new **Super-Speed Old Dutch** because it makes grease disappear without all that hard scouring and hard rubbing I used to need to get things really clean."

Of course, these are just examples—you can probably do much better the instant you've tried new **Super-Speed Old Dutch**. So get busy now! And don't lose out because you think your sentence isn't good enough! Remember, nothing ventured, nothing gained! Send it in—it may bring you as much as \$6,000.00 cash.

1940 NOVEMBER 1940						
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
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LISTEN

to "Bachelor's Children" on the radio for contest details and names of cash prize winners. See local paper for time and station.



(Continued from page 26)

he rose and stood framed in the window.

"That was sweet of you, Tommy," he said. "Now what do you mean thundering on my window at the crack of dawn? Eh?"

Tommy Hargreave looked sick. He didn't mind having had a joke played on him, because that was his life, but he didn't at all like the idea of having enraged his goddess' uncle.

"But it's eleven o'clock," he said. "I thought it was time anybody was up."

"Just because you like getting up at the crack of dawn you think everybody else has to be up then, too."

"But it isn't the crack of dawn, Mr. Mansley. It's eleven o'clock."

"That depends entirely on where you are," Mansley said.

"But I'm right here," said Tommy.

"In California," said Mansley, "it isn't even nine yet. In Wake Island it's still yesterday. That means if I was in Wake Island you'd be getting me up before I'd even got to bed. Ha! Try to slide out of that one, young Tommy!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Tommy, "but I'm not very good at geometry."

This was one of those answers that sounds perfectly all right until you think about it, and then you suddenly realize it doesn't mean anything at all. Mansley winced.

"You'd better come in and have some coffee," he said. "But we'll let the chick sleep."

TOMMY came in, stared with fond eyes at the door of Kathleen's room and looked for a second as though he was going to genuflect. Mansley made coffee and boiled eggs and, simply because the idea amused him, set Tommy to work making his bed while he cooked. Tommy was still wrestling with the heavy mattress when Kathleen's door opened and she yawned her way into their midst. Her hair hung in whorls and swirls about her face, her pajamas were rumpled. She looked, all in all, like a girl who has done a good solid job of sleeping. To Tommy she looked like a blossom blown into Eden on the wings of the morning. He dropped the mattress and trembled. Kathleen yawned, opened her eyes, stretching them, saw Tommy and, wide awake in an instant, fled back to her room and shut the door.

"Aw," said Tommy, limp. "Aw, gee! She's the cutest little thing I ever saw. All sleepy and everything. Gosh, do you think I woke her up?"

"Look here," said Mansley. "I too am all sleepy and everything. Do you care? No. Besides, what if you did wake her up? It won't hurt her. She's healthy as a horse."

"Oh!" said Tommy, recoiling.

Tommy was offended. One didn't compare goddesses to horses. Mansley ignored Tommy's almost mute protest.

"By the way," he said, "are you here for anything special, or is it just love hunger?"

Tommy blushed. "I'm just here," he stammered; and then, by way of getting on safer ground, "There're a lot of packages at the club desk for her. Shall I go get 'em?"

"Go get 'em," said Mansley. "By the time you get back the chick ought to be looking halfway decent."

"I thought," Tommy said, "she looked . . ." He paused, hunting for a word to describe the tumult of beauty he had gazed on. Mansley broke in.

"I know how you thought she looked," he said. "But you see, Tommy, when you look at her you don't see her. You only see the things you're thinking about her."

"They look good to me," said Tommy. "Better'n anything I've thought I've seen yet."

He slithered off toward the clubhouse which was only a few yards away, since the trailer was parked on the lawn near the dock. Mansley dropped another two eggs into the saucepan, then he finished making his bed, and hauled on his khaki shorts and yellow turtle-neck sweater. Tommy returned before Kathleen, done up in blue shorts and looking very decent indeed, came in to breakfast.

The packages, which had been delivered by messenger, all came from Palm Beach. They were stamped 9 A. M., 10 A. M., and 11 A. M. They contained, respectively, the forget-me-nots with a note begging for forgiveness for "conduct unbecoming a stevedore," the bouquet of rubber flowers, and lastly the blood-pressure machine, or sphygmomanometer, set at 200 degrees.

The effect of this opening salvo was more than Johnsy could have hoped for. Kathleen blushed at the first one, did rain in Panama for a few wet seconds at the bouquet of rubber flowers, and broke down entirely over the blood-pressure machine.

While she was opening them Tommy sat on the sofa and sulked and was sorry he'd brought only himself. It didn't help a bit when Kathleen turned to him, held up the sphygmomanometer, and said, "Look, Tommy! It means his blood pressure's up to two hundred about worrying whether I'm going to forgive him or not. I guess I've got to forgive him if he's going to be so darn cute."

I BET my blood pressure's higher than that right now!" said Tommy. "What's he want to be forgiven for? Getting stiff? He always gets stiff. You forgive him and he'll get stiff again to celebrate it."

Kathleen looked serious. She was afraid of just exactly that, and she was being torn. She wanted so much to know again the magic Johnsy Hamilton had brought her. She wanted to be sure it wasn't black magic.

"If he does, he won't get to first base," she said.

"Let's go to the beach," said

Tommy, who was a bit tired of this talk of Johnsy.

Kathleen shook her head.

"Can't now," she said. "I've got to have my breakfast and make my bed and tidy my room."

Tommy gave her the goggle eyes.

"Let me make your bed," he said. "I could do it. I made a bed at Plattsburg once."

"I couldn't let you do *that*," said Kathleen. "It wouldn't be right. I hardly know you."

AT this a burst of laughter escaped Mansley.

"When we stay at a hotel," he said, "we don't even *hardly* know the people who make our beds."

"But that's just it," said Kathleen. "If you don't know them at all it's perfectly all right. Have you got any socks?"

"Eh?"

"For mending. This would be a good morning for it. We could sit on the dock."

"And dangle our feet over the water," said Mansley.

"And wish we had a yacht," said Kathleen.

Mansley looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

"You could have a very large yacht, if you wished," he said.

"Let's go to the beach," said Tommy.

Kathleen ignored him. She had stopped eating and was looking out of the window at the dock. The fishing boats were all out, but the two big cruisers were still lying there. She was realizing for the first time that yachts and expensive automobiles and lovely houses and clothes would of course be hers if Johnsy should propose and she should accept him. Until Mansley said that, she hadn't thought about this angle of it at all. It frightened her a little. She looked at Mansley.

"Would I have to?" she asked in a small voice.

"I'm afraid you would," said Mansley.

"I think I'd rather have a little one," said Kathleen.

"A little *what*?" said Tommy, who had lost track.

"She doesn't want the Python," said Mansley.

"Well," said Tommy, "why should she? Python's Johnsy Hamilton's boat."

"That's just what we were talking about," said Mansley. "She doesn't want it. She says she'd rather have a little one."

"I don't see what the Python's got to do with anything. The Python belongs to Johnsy Hamilton. Is he trying to sell . . ." He stopped, his jaw dropped as understanding reached him. "Oh!" Then, tensely, "Has that lug had the crust to be trying to get a nice girl like you to *marry* him?"

Kathleen began to look angry. Mansley was stifling laughter again.

"Well," he said, "the banns haven't been published yet, but rumor

is strong that he thinks it would be quite a good idea."

"He isn't fit to marry a—a—let alone a girl like Kathleen. It's outrageous, that's what it is. He isn't fit to button her boots."

"I don't wear button boots," said Kathleen. "Nobody does any more."

"Well, then, to kiss the hem of her dress."

"Listen," said Kathleen. "If you're talking to me, talk to *me* don't say *her* dress. If you mean me, say my dress."

"All right!" shouted Tommy. "I say that guy isn't fit to kiss the hem of my dress!"

Kathleen's eyes met Mansley's. Then they both looked at Tommy. He colored.

"You're awfully mean to me," he said. "I know I'm not bright. It isn't fair to get me all mixed up and laugh at me for it. It—it's shooting a sitting bird."

Kathleen got up from her chair and crossed to him, put her hand on his arm and looked up into his eyes. "I'm sorry, Tommy. It *isn't* fair to tease you when you're so nice to people. Forgive me?"

"Me forgive you!"

"I'll hurry with my bed and go to the beach with you. May I, Uncle Seton?"

"We'll all go to the beach," said Mansley, "and have a swim before lunch."

"Can I carry your bathing suit, Kathleen? And your beach bag?"

Kathleen looked at Tommy now and her dark eyes were soft. He had touched a chord of memory. It was as though she were little again and the boy next door had stopped at her gate to ask if he could carry her books to school. He'd been a dopey little boy but he had worshiped her.

"Of course you can, Tommy," she said. "And you can have lunch with us."

AT the beach, Carol and Quenton showed up for lunch, with Quenton handsome and self-conscious in blue-linen slacks, white-and-red-plaid socks, a doeskin shirt, and a white-linen jacket that Carol had goaded him into buying. Her method, which she proudly told at lunch, was simplicity itself. By prodding, she had dragged from him the fact that when he wasn't loafing around Florida he was not only a teamster and drover but was a professional union organizer. Then she told him that she not only wouldn't have anything to do with a union organizer unless he'd dress like a gentleman, but if he didn't she would picket him. Horace Quenton had capitulated. He was rapidly losing one kind of self-respect and was just as rapidly gaining another. It was impossible to run around with a girl like Carol West, to know that she thought well of you, and not to think well of yourself.

Once again the youth of the community fell at Kathleen's feet and Tommy Hargreave sat in the background. But he didn't mind because

"Henry Lent—WHAT A MEAN THING TO SAY!"



OH, MOTHER—
HE'S A BRUTE!
I SLAVE OVER
MY WASH!

I KNOW YOU DO, DARLING
—BUT YOUR CLOTHES
ARE FULL OF TATTLE-
TALE GRAY. STOP USING
LAZY SOAPS THAT
DON'T WASH CLEAN,
AND SWITCH TO
FELS-NAPHA!

USE THE **GOLDEN BAR** OR THE **GOLDEN CHIPS**. EITHER WAY, YOU GET RICHER **GOLDEN SOAP** COMBINED WITH GENTLE **NAPHA**—AND EVEN THE GRIMIEST DIRT FLIES BEFORE THESE **TWO CLEANERS!**



LATER

HONEY, WHAT
HAPPENED?
THIS SHIRT
LOOKS SWELL!

OH, HENRY, MY WHOLE WASH
LOOKS GORGEOUS SINCE
MOTHER TIPPED ME OFF TO
FELS-NAPHA. I'M CRAZY
ABOUT THAT BIG **GOLDEN BAR!**

AND I SWEAR BY THE CHIPS FOR MY
WASHER! **HUSKIER GOLDEN CHIPS**—
THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR
LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. AND
NOW THEY GIVE THE RICHEST SUDS EVER,
THANKS TO THAT NEW SUDS-BUILDER!



Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



being the bag-and-bathing-suit carrier gave him standing.

But today the adulation was wasted on Kathleen. She lay back against the canvas of her chair looking out at the ocean that was green, pale green near the shore and violet blue where the Gulf Stream began. On the edge of the Stream fishing boats with long outriggers were rolling back and forth. She saw them and yet she didn't, because she kept seeing the Python and thinking of how she'd feel if it were hers, and whether she could ever feel natural with Johnsy if she married him, and what they'd say to each other in the late afternoons and evenings, and if they'd fight like other people, and she wondered if Johnsy would ever get his nose out of his champagne bottle and keep it out.

Then she thought for a while about Tommy, and toyed with the idea of marrying him. She found she could imagine being married to Tommy much more easily than she could to Johnsy. It was obvious that Tommy was just busting to ask her. Then, since she was thinking about all sorts of things anyway, she thought about Mr. Clayton and Parkes' and Mansley, and she thought maybe it would be better not to marry anybody and just travel all over the world with Mansley and get to be mixed up in his anecdotes. She smiled. She found she was really thinking of him as her uncle now. She thought, I guess he really is my family anyway, because where'd I be without him? And then tears welled up in her eyes and flooded over as she smiled.

IMMEDIATELY Tommy and two other boys sprang to her side, clamoring to know what was wrong.

"Nothing," she said. "I was just thinking" — she paused — "about life."

They nodded respectfully. As though face to face with the oracle, Tommy said, "What'd you decide?"

Kathleen flashed a smile. "I decided it was nice," she said.

Carol West, who was lying a little way off, overheard this. She gave Kathleen a sour look and rolled over, presenting her back. One of the boys said, "It's much nicer since you showed up," and Carol writhed her hips in mock agony, reached out and clutched Horace Quenton's hand.

"Horace," she said, "if I'm a little sick you won't mind, will you?"

"No, ma'am," said Quenton. "I don't reckon I mind anything you do, Carol."

"This place is getting everybody down," said Carol. "It teems with love. I bet nighttimes even the cats and dogs love each other."

"Cats and dogs can't cross," said Quenton.

"Horace," said Carol, "you're so literal. I meant I bet they take walks together. Long, slow walks. To music."

"Not cats and dogs."

"All right, they don't!" snapped Carol. "Neither do Easterners and Westerners, then!"

She jerked her hand away. Quenton fixed his eyes on hers, stared until hers lowered.

"That's one thing," he said, "that I aim to show you ain't true. You're talkin' talk I understand now. Give me back that hand."

A little surprised at herself, she obeyed, but she said, "You're a dopey Okie. And you're much, much, much too literal."

"I come from a literal country," said Quenton.

THE afternoon wore on. The waves rolled in on the beach, broke, hissed on the sand. Back of the club, at the horseshoe pitch, the dollars rolled into Mansley's pockets. The sun sank lower and the fishing boats headed for St. Lucie Inlet and for Stewart. At Palm Beach the Python's Diesels were being readied to put to sea. Still dozing on the beach, Kathleen began wishing she was next to a chocolate soda. She breathed a hint of it and the little group on the sand broke up, and after they'd dressed she and Tommy drifted back toward the club. It was the typical ending of a typical resort day, only warmer.

It went on being typical and normal until Kathleen reached the club, and then it stopped. On the grass by the trailer was a variety of objects whose arrival would not be normal on any day. Two white rabbits were nibbling lettuce in a crate. Next to them the rest of Johnsy's barrage was standing: the box containing the grass pathway and the rose petals, the Hamilton slippers, and a gigantic crate containing a radio-phonograph.

Kathleen ran from one to another, staring, opening the notes that accompanied them, laughing and weeping alternately, so that it looked as though she was weeping with laughter, which wasn't the case at all. She was glad she'd come back to the trailer alone. Of course Tommy was with her, but that was pretty nearly being alone.

Presently she sat down on the step of the trailer, and telling Tommy to get water for the rabbits, she read the notes all over again. She ran her hand through her hair. She was bewildered. She didn't see how Johnsy could have got the things to her so fast. She looked at the rabbits, got up and went over and stroked them. It was while she was sitting cross-legged on the grass with the rabbits that she saw the Rolls-Bentley gliding through the pine trees. She thought her heart was going to stop beating. Then she saw that Johnsy wasn't driving it. She walked over to where it had stopped by the club entrance.

"I'm looking for a Miss Brown," said the man at the wheel.

"That's me," said Kathleen.

"Here," said the man. He handed her a letter, got out of the car, and walked around the driveway. Another car pulled up, the man got in

it, and the car drove off. Kathleen stared after it, puzzled, then she opened the letter.

My dear:

This is a real present. The others have just been my way of trying to tell you a lot of things you probably already know. This is yours, but I'm not really giving it to you, because it belonged to you from the moment you first stepped into it. I could never drive it again because whenever I looked at it I would see you, eyes shining, hair flying, sitting behind the wheel, so there wouldn't be room for me there too.

She's a dainty creature, be good to her.

With so much love,

J.

This almost broke Kathleen's heart. When Mansley got back from his horseshoes, some fifteen minutes later, she was sitting in the car holding the letter in one hand and sobbing into a handkerchief. Tommy Hargreave was standing by, making fluttery comforting gestures. Mansley strode up to the car.

"Here!" he said. "Cut it out!"

Kathleen raised a tear-streaked face. "Oh, Uncle Seton," she said with a shudder, "this isn't rain in Panama; this is the real thing. I feel awful!"

"Why?" said Mansley. He gave Tommy a dirty look. "You said something to her?"

"No, it isn't Tommy. It's Johnsy. He's given me this car and I just can't bear it. Don't you see?"

Mansley saw. He nodded.

"Beat it, Tommy," he said. "I've got a job to do here."

"Cad!" said Tommy.

"Hey," said Mansley, bulging his muscles, "take it easy!"

"That Johnsy Hamilton!" said Tommy. "Making her cry like this! I can't understand it."

MANSLEY put an arm around Tommy's shoulder.

"Tommy," he said, "there are some things it's better for you not even to try to understand. This is one of them." He turned back to Kathleen and leaned close to her. "Chick," he said, "if you start now, maybe you can get rid of those tear-stains by the time that wild Indian shows up here."

Kathleen stopped crying, looked at him wide-eyed.

"You think he's coming here himself?"

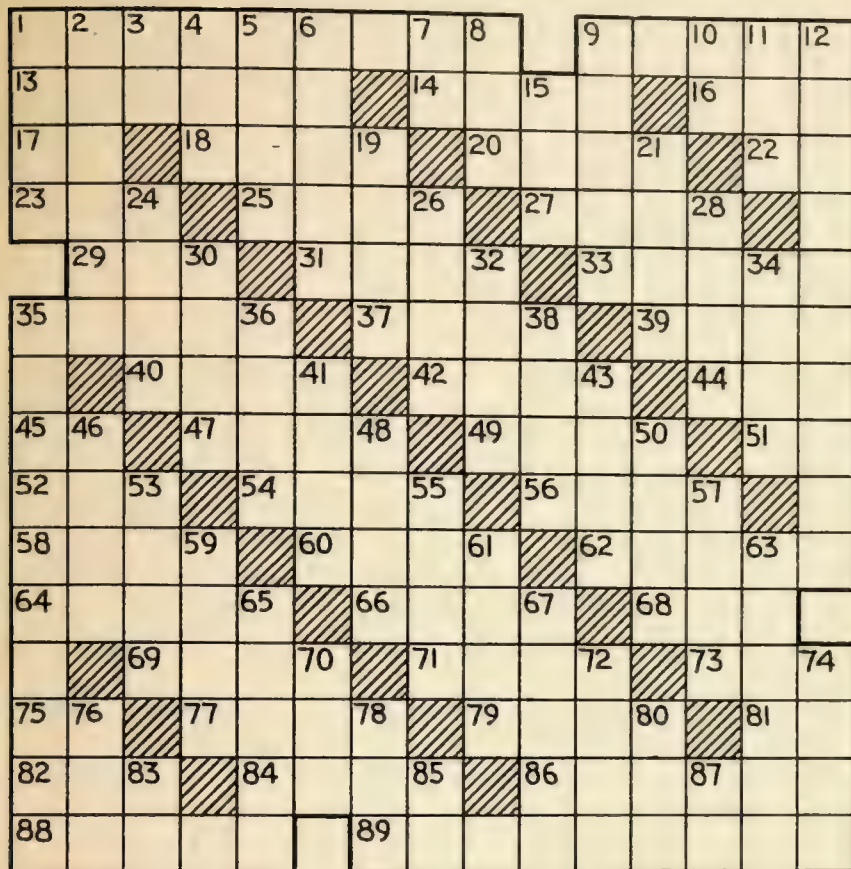
"I think he'd be a fool if he didn't," said Mansley, "and I don't think he's a fool."

Had he been minded to say Jack Robinson then, or even "knife," he wouldn't have been able to in the time it took Kathleen to get out of the car and into the trailer.

Will Johnsy come? And will his campaign be successful? Don't miss next week's chapter in which he pulls a spectacular stunt in his effort to find a way to a lovely girl's heart.

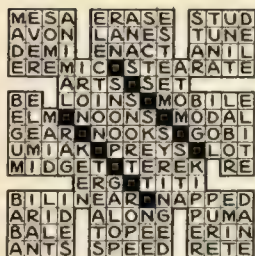
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A large stadium, with college attached
- 9 Makes forceful contact
- 13 Disease prevalent among one-armed paper hangers
- 14 Tahiti vegetable dinner
- 16 What the party guests left
- 17 You is very dear here (Fr.)
- 18 Park the carcass at the groaning board
- 20 The only thing you don't find in a modern apartment
- 22 Cute number seen along Downing Street
- 23 Fifth Columnous
- 25 What college boys root for
- 27 He dyed because he refused to be a red head
- 29 Its departure for Europe has been postponed (abbr.)
- 31 Lazy beast, preys on other males' females
- 33 What England will eventually do to the swastika
- 35 The original Lincoln Highway
- 37 Smooth as —
- 39 It's distinguished in the shadow world but distinguished in the daylight
- 40 Just a bomb party
- 42 1,400 pounds of bone-crushing troglodyte
- 44 The Man on the Bench
- 45 Where German pilots like to stay on trips to London
- 47 What football kickers are
- 49 What Roosevelt, England, and China will do to Willie, Germany, Italy, and Japan (Any odds?)
- 51 It used to precede sir
- 52 Brass Buttons, Blue Coat, who couldn't catch a nanny goat
- 54 This makes its point felt
- 56 This is lovely from one end and sour from the other
- 58 Some men blow their brains out over this
- 60 Nazi home
- 62 The figure all women would like to add up to
- 64 What lovely wallflowers do at midnight
- 66 Every year is this for the pedestrian



Last week's answer

- 68 This is beginning to be soiled
- 69 Here's where many Latin Americans are usually up against it
- 71 Fodder's favorite hangout
- 73 Attention caller
- 75 Remember when they flew together and stayed off the air?
- 77 Colorful Supreme Courtier
- 79 She's a honey
- 81 Tickling Earlobes (abbr.)
- 82 Sulky driver (fem.)
- 84 This is a swell disease you get from eating and drinking
- 86 This is full of ginger
- 88 Toonerville Trolley specialty (pl.)
- 89 The cry of the nation's defense: Stop this threat!

VERTICAL

- 1 "---- to you!" cried the sub snarers
- 2 Kind of treat beautiful women are
- 3 Tired Zippers (abbr.)
- 4 This color shirt has now faded to brown and black
- 5 Turn backward, O Time
- 6 They're leading a dog's life
- 7 In short, the kind of saddles you sing about
- 8 This gets bent

- 9 Nose paint
- 10 Automatic check writer
- 11 A Greek love letter
- 12 Vertical Vichy squirter, employed by early American nudists
- 15 The first bomber, and what he dropped
- 19 T'oid Avynya comestibles
- 21 Hitler's red ally
- 24 It only takes one to make a good soldier
- 26 Letter carrier's load
- 28 World's oldest destroyers
- 30 Works recently given the works
- 32 Swivel-tongued
- 34 The non-Aryan Paul
- 35 Pushovers for Cornell
- 36 The cat with the bulldog courage (British)
- 38 Where the boss holds his secretary in high regard
- 41 It's new, Roosevelt's, and Willie swears he'll make it work
- 43 They have all the dirt on Johnny
- 46 Kind of house we'll all soon live in
- 48 If you twist this the wrong way, you get a squawk
- 50 What kids can't wrench from the grown-ups
- 53 Wave carver
- 55 Goebbels' baloney
- 57 What-careless people do
- 59 Survivor of the first wet air attack
- 61 Old-fashioned Southern conveyance
- 63 Rod that can measure your length
- 65 Naga
- 67 What Chinamen play hockey with
- 70 Feline-hearted feller
- 72 He bane van fine yentleman
- 74 What neighbors do to each other's business
- 76 Tuck away the tummy tastes
- 78 Tin fish
- 80 Kind of form that gets gals
- 83 How the race got started
- 85 T'ank oo, daddums!
- 87 How Ted got started

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Pour Yourself
a New
Taste Thrill!"

SAYS OLD MR. BOSTON



Try my Apricot Nectar
—smooth as honey,
rich as Fine Old Brandy!

YOU'LL marvel at the delicious honey-smooth taste of this liquor. It has all the luscious flavor of sun-ripened apricots plus the hearty richness of fine old brandy. It's a grand party drink and you'll find a handy drinking cup tops each pint bottle.

OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR

Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry — 70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.



READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I'M not going to kid anybody. There was a time when, if I found myself staring at four or five assorted forks at a formal dinner table, I was in a quandary. But that was long before the Four Hundred became the Four Hundred and One and I became known as the Ward McAllister of Hollywood.

Friends who used to laugh when I sat down at the dinner table now flock to me for advice on etiquette. Hostesses rush to the telephone to ask what kind of wine should be served with the wienies, or where to place the guest of honor who has just put three spoons in his pocket. But the nicest compliment of all came from Emily Post herself.

Watching me in action at a fashionable dinner, she admitted that, in comparison with me, she knew nothing about etiquette. Her exact words, as I recall them, were, "If that Mr. Marx knows anything about etiquette, I don't."

And yet even applause and adulation can become tiresome. It becomes inconvenient having people barge up to you at all hours, asking how you managed to lick the social game—especially if you happen to be teaching Miss Garbo the Memphis Stomp or kissing the hand of a White Russian duchess. I'm sure she

was a White Russian duchess because I've never met a colored one.

I could, of course, refer people to the standard books on etiquette, but I'm afraid they're of little practical value to a man who lives (as I do) without a footman, three wines at dinner, or Elsa Maxwell. What I have accomplished is simply the result of observing a few simple rules and keeping my nose clean.

It is a matter of record that in 1939 I attended 336 parties, with invitations to more than twelve of them. Of course you have to invite people to your house too. But I won't give much space to that because, with a little careful planning, you can see to it their invitations reach them when they're out of town.

As I say, this requires careful planning. Once, when I was in New York, I gave a dinner party for twelve friends who, the newspapers said, were attending a convention in Minneapolis. Well, it so happened that the papers were wrong. Only four of them went to the convention. The other eight came to my house and, please believe me, they were even more disgusted than I was with the carelessness of modern journalism. There was nothing in the house but a herring. Even I was out—which was fortunate, because that made one mouth less to feed.

That evening I was an unexpected

BY GROUCHO MARX

dinner guest in Brooklyn. I mention that because it brings up a point that has been neglected by every other authority on etiquette. I refer to the uninvited guest, or, as the vulgarians phrase it, the crasher.

My advice is this: If your host has, for some reason or other, neglected to invite you to the party you're attending, do not embarrass him by calling his attention to the fact. Only a very low person would enter a home uninvited and say, "You're a fine one! Throwing a party and not asking me. I had a good notion not to come."

Under the circumstances, a gentleman enters the house blithely, through the front door rather than an upstairs window (which I consider the worst kind of social climbing).

He will not make an immediate dash for the bar. Not only because this sort of thing is crude, but because "party liquor," generally of an inferior grade, is served there. I have found that by slipping the butler a two-spot he will get you the stuff he (and of course the host) drinks himself.

In going out socially there are the following factors to be considered, and you'd better study them care-

fully, because I'm going to ask questions later.

CLOTHES

Since clothes make the man, a woman ought to give a lot of thought to her dress. Her host, if his manners are above those of a skunk, will inform her whether or not she's expected to appear in formal attire. And he should take pains to be specific; because I know a member of one of New York's first families (first as you drive up Tenth Avenue) who wrote on his invitation, "We're not dressing."

Unfortunately, one of his guests,

at your right (Countess Rittenhouse) should not be touched at all.

In dining out and finding the food unsatisfactory, a gentleman does not grumble and say that he could have had a better meal at home without having to wait until eight forty-five for it. And he certainly will not make threatening remarks such as, "Madame, if this schnitzel gives me ptomaine, you'll hear from my lawyers tomorrow." (If he *does* get ptomaine, he strives to make a friendly settlement.)

But all of that can be avoided by smiling at the hostess and saying,

miles off Vincent Astor's yacht at Newport:

1. If, while carving a turkey, you drop it into the lap of the dowager at your right, do you (a) apologize profusely; (b) break into tears; or (c) say, "Madame, I have not given you the bird; I'll thank you to fork it over immediately"?

2. Should chives or parsley be served with a steak on a black eye?

3. Is it proper to use a nickname—say, Stinky—on your calling cards, assuming that nobody ever calls you Roderick?

4. If you ask a young woman for



How I beat the social game

a charming and gracious lady who had recently joined a nudist colony, misunderstood.

As a general rule, a woman makes no mistake in wearing a simple afternoon gown in the afternoon and a nightgown at night.

With men, dress is even less of a problem. A black tie is always appropriate, provided you're wearing a collar. Tails, I believe, look good only on dogs. And even *they* sometimes have theirs cut.

DINING

The experienced diner-out generally manages to be the first one at the table, so that, in the event he has been seated next to a cluck, he can switch the place cards.

If discovered doing this, the gentleman will not, of course, make snide remarks about the cluck. Instead he will adopt a more constructive attitude, gaily tossing off some such observation as, "I simply *must* sit next to the Countess Rittenhouse. The boys at the club tell me she's loads of fun, once you pour a few beers in her."

It is extremely bad form to accompany this remark with a leering "Eh, Countess?"

Now to the food—and about time, too. The first thing to bear in mind is that the salad is at your left and, unless it's asparagus, should not be touched with your fingers. The dish

Being some pearls of wisdom from a Hollywood funster which you must read at your own risk

"Ella darling, I managed the soup and the salad, but this swill has me licked. How about rustling me up a couple of eggs?"

SOCIAL DIVERSIONS

Of all the good things of life, nothing is more popular than necking.

The real gentleman does not indulge in this pastime indiscriminately. He will never neck in a ballroom unless the dance floor is crowded; and he will make no attempt to kiss a young lady who has just yelled for a policeman. Obviously, a man in a uniform has more romantic appeal than the rest of us in business suits.

Most young women do not welcome promiscuous advances. (Either that, or my luck's been terrible.) In society they must learn how to keep a gentleman from pawing without offending him. For that I recommend flattery—some such personal remark as, "Did any one ever tell you that you resemble a weasel?"

QUESTIONS

All right, wise guy, we're going to see if you've been paying attention. The answers to the following questions will be found in a bottle two

a dance and she tells you her feet hurt—and then, thirty seconds later, you see her waltzing away with a young man who has more vaseline on his hair (also more hair), do you ask her for an introduction to the chiropodist, or do you pretend you're dead?

5. When the lady grabs the check in a restaurant, should she slip the dough under the table to the gentleman or openly hand it to the waiter?

6. On leaving a night club that's been raided, who enters the wagon first—the lady or the gentleman?

7. When a young couple dining out has a spat, should the husband put his best foot forward or wait until he has a pair of spats?

8. Describe the design and colors of three of Lucius Beebe's vests.

9. How can you get a song writer away from the piano at a party without blasting?

10. Would you like to have me drop over some evening for dinner?

If you can answer seven of these questions, and have eaten the tops of four cereal boxes, write in for your Society Man badge.

THE END

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT *Voting?*

By GEORGE A. CLANREVAN

(Lexicographer, Encyclopedist, Radio Broadcaster)

We Americans take to voting as naturally as we do to breathing. But our system didn't just "happen"; it was developed

through years of trial and error. Here is the story of how many of our present-day election customs came into being.



Why "Ballots" and
Why "Cast"?

When the ancient Roman voted to choose a candidate for office, he tossed a little ball made of stone or clay into a round container that looked something like a wastebasket. White ball signified "Yes"; the dreaded black ball meant "No".

Today we slide a folded piece of paper through a slot in a box—or in some localities we operate a modern voting machine. But the process is still called "casting a ballot", which actually means *throwing a ball*.

Counting Our Heads

Voters used to be counted by the head, as were cattle, sheep and other animals. Another word for head is *poll*. So a spot where *we*—and our votes—are counted is still a *polling* place.



VOTE WITH THE LOVERS OF REAL BEER

*Until You Try That Even Finer
You'll Never Know How Really
a Bottle of Beer Can Be*



P.S.

For almost a century the supreme quality of Schlitz Draught Beer has made it the choice of those who love real draught beer.

So far as beer is concerned, the election is over. It's a landslide for that *even finer Schlitz*. Lovers of real beer like its buoyancy, brilliance and full, fine flavor. They say it's the grandest beer they ever tasted. And you too will say the same. So try that even finer Schlitz today. Order it by name—wherever fine beer is sold—by the drink, by the bottle or by the can.

Say It With Chalk

Roman office-seeker whitened his face with chalk as a sign of clean politics. The word for white was *candid*—hence our term *candidate*. Today, when a speaker says, "I'll be candid with you," he means "I'll be white with you."

Ambitious Candidate

Even two thousand years ago a candidate for election had to go on talking tours to win votes. They called such a tour an *ambitio*. That's how *ambitio* became the source of the word ambition.

Australian Ballot

Francis S. Dutton, of Australia, goes in honor of proposing the secret ballot in modern times; to Louisville, Ken-

tucky, the honor of first using it in our country—in December, 1888.

The People's Friend

Campaign advertising was simple twenty centuries ago. No papers, no radio; just walls. Sign painters covered them with political slogans. "Vote for Cleonius Prusus—Cheaper Food and a Free Circus!" "Vote for Julius Politus; he's handsome as Apollo!" Some of the slogans of those early ballyhoo artists are still visible today.

Stump Speeches

"Americans are always making speeches," said early visitors from overseas. And no wonder! Pioneer dwellings were surrounded with treestumps—natural plat-

forms for budding orators. Nowadays candidates still "stump the country". And if they want to hesitate while making up their minds, they can "sit on the fence"—another Americanism.

In Old Virginia

Three centuries ago, any Virginia free-man who stayed at home on election day without a good excuse was fined; at first, one hundred pounds of fine tobacco; later, two hundred pounds.

The First "Gallop" Poll

Everybody votes nowadays; but in North Carolina, around 1715, you had no vote if your house had no chimney. In South Carolina, you couldn't vote if you owed money; so just before election there would be a big rush to pay bills. And in 1656 a man named John Harrington claimed that only men who rode horses should vote. He wanted ballot-boxes placed high on posts, in a sort of park, so the gentlemen riders could vote on the run in a sort of "Gallop" poll!

Women For Votes?



In old-time Georgia, a citizen couldn't run for office if his wife or other female relative reeled less than fifteen pounds of silk a year.

Fifty-seven Days!

Old-time elections often lasted for several days. In England, eight or nine days was common; in Mayo County, Ireland, many years ago, the polls were once kept open for fifty-seven days. Today, our free nation of over 130,000,000 people can make its fair-and-square choice in less than 24 hours.

After the Election

After you elect a candidate, you have to wait a long time to find out if your choice was right.

But when you cast your vote for a bottle of that even finer Schlitz, you'll know *instantly* that you couldn't have made a better choice.

It's the candidate with the record and reputation *so great* that it made a city famous throughout the world.

How about voting now? Just say "a bottle of Schlitz" most anywhere. At your very first sip, that famous flavor will tell you that you've voted right!

Copyright, 1940

Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

What am I living for?

THE GREAT TERROR by an Economic Royalist as told to GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Last week the Economic Royalist confessed to the headaches and the heartaches caused him by his beloved daughter, Margaret, who, after leaving college, had visited Soviet Russia and come home a fervent "pink." She not only told her father he and she were "class enemies" but warned him, long before the danger was apparent to him, that his employees were going to strike.

WHEN the strike came to me, I'm afraid I was like the English about Norway and Holland and Belgium. They knew what was on its way, they saw it all about them, they heard about it; but they didn't believe it. I used to say, "There can't be a strike in our plants. We've always treated our men right. We pay high wages. We were the first to introduce the Saturday half holiday and then the five-day week. We established collective bargaining machinery before it was popular. . . ."

What's the use of adding it all up? The sum total was that we got it straight on the chin, the same as the worst chiselers, and maybe we got it harder. I never can get over the fact that my "pink" daughter, Margaret, heard about the forthcoming strike in some café in New York long before we got milling around labor delegates and Labor Board investigators and La Follette Committee investigators and Civil Liberties Union lawyers and International Labor Defense lawyers. What a gang came down on us like a ton of hot steel!

But let's go back to the beginning. When my father started this business, he took on some local machinists and blacksmiths. Sometimes the boys had to wait a few days for their money. But they were all good friends. Father paid what he figured he could, and when a man was in trouble or his wife was having a baby, father would lend him some money and maybe forget about it around Christmastime. And every year the old man would hand out Christmas baskets with turkeys.

It was all close personal relations. Everybody went by his first name and there were no secrets in the place. But during the World War we expanded. Even before my father's death we were on a twenty-four-hour schedule. We put up building after building in Akron and I started de-

veloping our Bridgeport outfit. We also branched out into the rubber mechanical goods business.

We needed men badly. The old-time German and Swedish mechanics did not come over. We put in automatic machines, not to save labor but because skilled labor was not easy to train quickly. We got coal miners

and hillbillies out of West Virginia and Kentucky to come down to Akron to work the machines.

Well, we had to set up some way of handling this big force. I couldn't do it because I had to run around the world getting orders and financing them. So I hired a college professor to set up a personnel department. As



a rule, I don't go in for college professors in business. They talk too much, and the plans they make don't click. But Helen recommended this one. His name was Tim Loring and he taught girls sociology at Vassar. He looked like a longshoreman and talked worse. How the girls could stand him, I never could figure out, but in all the years I've been married to Helen, she's never been wrong about a man.

She asked Tim to come to dinner with us in New York so that I could size him up.

"You gotta look far ahead, Mr. Clarke," Professor Tim Loring said to me. "You can't set up a labor policy just for tomorrow, because that slips away into next month and next year too fast."

"Well," I asked, "what kind of set-up would you have?"

"How do I know?" he roared. "I ain't even seen your show. I don't know your men. I don't know you. Somebody's got to be straight in hu-

man relations. Somebody's got to be decent and fair. How do I know you're the man?"

It wasn't a good beginning, but I hired him anyway, gave him a good salary, made him a vice-president and told him I'd give him three years. If he didn't pan out, he could go back to teaching sociology.

Meanwhile I was down in Washington playing around the War Industries Board. Mackenzie King, the Canadian, was advising American industry about an employee-representation plan, and President Wilson called in ex-President Taft to head the War Labor Board. That board was one of the best shows in Washington, maybe half a century ahead of its time. They worked out a scheme, based on Mackenzie King's ideas, for co-operation between the employer and the worker which looked awfully sound to me. I got Tim Loring on the inside of things, and told him to work out a plan for the Clarke Machine Tool Company that would work.

Mind you, that was in 1918. In that year we put in a collective-bargaining arrangement at the instigation of the American government and approved by it. And that Employee Representation Plan, as we called it, worked fine from 1918 to 1937, when we had our strike and the same American government told us that we were illegal and criminal and ought to go to jail.

That plan worked like an American legislature. Every year the men elected delegates to the Employee Representation Board. The elections were held in the plant and we paid wages for the voting time. The delegates met and elected the board officers. The board would meet with Loring. If any man had a complaint, he put it up to his delegate who put it before the board. If the board felt that it was a justifiable complaint, they would fight it out with Loring until it was settled and everybody was happy.

There was always trouble with the foremen. I don't know why it is, but when you take a man off the machine and make a foreman out of him, it takes him three or four years to learn that Simon Legree is no model. But finally Loring established a hiring and firing department under himself and the foremen had nothing more to do with it, which saved me a lot of trouble.

THERE was a die caster in our plant, George the Greek. He was as smart a politician as ever lived and managed for years to get elected to good jobs on the Employee Representation Plan, until he became president. The Labor Board examiners said that George the Greek was Loring's stooge, but that was a lie. George fought for the men all the time, and he always knew what he was talking about. After a while Loring and I agreed that if George was willing to go to the mat on a proposition, we had better give in, which we nearly always did.

One day George sent up word that he wanted to talk to me and Loring together. I couldn't understand why he wanted me present. Still, Loring didn't object and I couldn't see what harm it would do, so we saw him. This was along in 1936.

George seemed nervous. "Tim," he said to Loring, "we hear the Clarke Machine Tool is signing up with the C. I. O."

"Nothing doing!" Tim replied.

"It's all over town," George said, "and we boys want to know exactly where we get off. We don't want no trouble. We don't want to pay dues, initiation fees, and assessments. But if you're gonna sign up, we want to get there first and make our own arrangements. All our cards are now on the table, so come across!"

Tim Loring blew up. He swore that it was all C. I. O. propaganda and that we'd shut down before we'd sign up. But I wasn't so sure about that and I didn't want George to get any false ideas. So I asked:

One man's human story asks some pointed questions of America today

*Most for your Money
in finest*



10¢
**FOR FULL-SIZE
TWO-OUNCE CUBE**

These grand, deep-toned inks flow instantly, dry quickly. In smart "Cubes," wide mouthed for easy filling and dipping. Permanent and Washable—and "Sunset" Inks in colors.

Carter's Cube-Well

Inkstand with extra-large Cube of ink and self-starting pen.



Carter's INK

Finest for Fountain Pens. Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Cube-Well.

"George, if we got into trouble, like other companies, would the men stick by us?"

"H. D.," he answered, "I'll tell you honest. The C. I. O. has about fifteen per cent of the men signed up. Some of the skilled workers carry A. F. of L. cards. How many, I don't know. If they combined, they could make trouble."

"Do you think that more than twenty-five per cent are signed up in both unions?" I asked.

"No! And lots of those who are signed up don't pay dues," he said.

"All right," I said. "Suppose we hold an election today. What will happen?"

"Well," he said, "if it's an Employee Representation Plan election, about ninety per cent of the men will vote and I'll be re-elected. But if it's a Labor Board election, half of the men will stay away and the C. I. O. will get most of the balance."

"Why will half stay away?" I asked.

"Because they'll be afraid of trouble."

I IMMEDIATELY saw what was in his mind. Trouble was brewing.

The rubber industry in Akron had already had some pretty fierce strikes. Wives were pressing their husbands to stay out of trouble. I knew it was pretty hard on any man to walk through a picket line. And the press never gave the employer a square deal. They played up the news from the striker's standpoint. Even the ministers in the churches preached against the employer without knowing what it was all about.

I could see how a fellow like George the Greek would be afraid that the Employee Representation Board of which he was president might not be able to stand up under all that pressure.

Still and all, the Clarke Machine Tool Company had been a fair employer. We could afford to be investigated because nothing would be found that anybody could object to. (That's what I thought then!) I told Loring and George to make the Employee Representation Board conform to the Wagner Act and the Supreme Court decision. That is, they had to make a union out of the board, separate it from the company, pay dues to it, and hire a place outside the plant for offices and meetings. I told them to draw up a new plan, write a contract, get the lawyers to pass on it.

All this was done. Meanwhile I hired a detective agency to report on the C. I. O. activities in the town. I also hired an outside industrial counselor to study our set-up independently. He wrote a million-word report which Loring says he read, but I think Loring's a liar. I looked through it, and it was gibberish.

Then I went to New York to a convention of all the people in our industry and discovered they all had worse headaches than mine. The situation was becoming bad. And it was impossible to put your finger on it.

As I figured it out, there were three elements to blame. First were the business men who got in under the line before the C. I. O. was even organized. I don't care what fancy language their press agents told them to use, they were chiselers who were trying to get an advantage by making an early deal with the C. I. O., and I'd be willing to show my books against theirs to prove that the worker hasn't gained a thing. Those employers mostly sold their own workers down the river.

Secondly, the government was playing politics with business. Workers have more votes than business men.

Then there were the "pinks," like my daughter, Margaret. Lawyers, schoolteachers, ministers, many of the local shopkeepers—men and women whom I knew well—were opposed to us employers. They had become "liberals" all of a sudden, although in all the years I had been dealing with them they'd been just plain Americans who like their country and its way of doing things.

Anyhow, when a community turns on the pay roll on which it lives, there's something dead wrong somewhere. Maybe, I thought, it's the Clarke Company. Maybe it's the community. Maybe it's the world.

Whenever I discover myself stumped, I like to sit around and argue the proposition with my wife. Helen reads all the books, but it isn't the books that make her wise. It's just that God gave her the kind of brain that goes straight to the heart of an idea. So, one morning when we were having breakfast on the sun porch, I said to her:

"Helen, I've done more than my share for this community. I've treated everybody white. I've bought local when I could. I've contributed more than anybody to everything in town. And yet I've just had a survey made, and I find that this town is against me. Why, the minister of our own church is against me! He talks about the wages we pay as though we were some sweatshop. He must know it isn't true. What's got into everybody?"

NOW, Helen is a woman who keeps her sympathies and emotions private, so I was astonished and even shocked when she said this:

"You poor dear, you're so out of touch."

"How am I out of touch?" I gasped. "We get all the reports from everywhere—"

"There are some things you can't get reports about," she said. "Those things you sense. For instance, I've been noticing for months that the members of our Women's Club were growing more and more antagonistic to local industries. To be sure, nearly all of them have husbands in those industries. But they're thinking nationally."

"What do you mean, thinking nationally?" I demanded.

"Why," she said, "I mean we're being remade. We're going through

a peaceful revolution by which the government is shifting the control of men and industry and wealth from private individuals like you to the government itself. And, on the whole, the people are for it."

"Are you for it?" I asked.

"Well . . . there's much to be said on both sides."

So there it was. Helen was hedging. She wouldn't hurt me for the world, but she, too, was falling for the New Deal propaganda. Well, I got into my car and drove away where I could think without anybody mixing me up.

Am I out of step? (That was the question I had to answer.) Suppose my boys and girls go out on strike not for wages or hours or working conditions but just so that they can pay for the right to work, when they've been working all these years without paying dues—shall I give in or shall I fight?

I thought, Suppose I fight. What do I get by it? If I give in, I may have less trouble. But let's look at it from the opposite side. Suppose they interfere with management and efficiency; suppose they force me to raise costs so I can't compete; suppose they interfere with new inventions. Besides, what do I need partners for? When the bankers tried to grab my business, I fought them. When my competitors tried to force me into an amalgamation, I fought them. Now this C. I. O. wants to become my partner in management. Why? What's their claim?

They've got the government on their side. Yes, the government's powerful. It can take a view on our income-tax returns which might be costly. It can tie us up with investigations that won't leave time for business. It can force us to spend thousands of dollars on lawyers and stenographers and train fare for witnesses if we're to go before the La Follette Committee or if we have a Labor Board trial. Does it pay?

Besides, I thought; the publicity is rotten. They get you up on the stand and ask you all sorts of questions which you can't answer yes or no. They spring the question and want a sharp, quick answer. And you look like a fool when the reporters have butchered question and answer in the newspapers. Do I need to submit to eight or ten hours or more of that kind of persecution? Why don't I drop the whole business and hand it to the government to run their way?

AND then again, I thought, there's Helen and Margaret and Junior. But Junior seems easygoing, and Margaret thinks I'm a class enemy, and Helen seems to have gone over to the New Deal—so what am I working for?

Suppose I quit. Maybe that's the best way out. Quit before the strike comes. Sell out to the bankers and let them have the headaches. Get out of the whole damn mess. . . .

Get out? Why should I get out? Look here, H. D., I said to myself, you're going goofy. You talk like a man who is in business only to make money. You've got more than enough for any man and his family. You're in this business because it's part of you. It's your religion. It's your contribution to civilization. Every time your laboratories and shops turn out a new gadget, you're making life easier for some one. You're no bum, to be turned on by everybody. You've done your share in this world and there's no reason why you should run away. You don't have to be ashamed. No, sir, the record will show that.

All right, I said to myself, if that's the way it is, I'll fight this thing. I'll spend every dollar I have in the world. But I'll fight it. My father built for the future. I stepped in when he left off. We played fair and square and have made an entire community well off out of our pay roll. No, sir! I'm not giving in. No pressure from Helen or Margaret or anybody will make a dent on me. I'll fight!

Well, I turned my car around and drove to the plant. I had made my decision and let myself in for hell-fire and damnation. This was just the beginning of what happened to me.

[More revelations by this Economic Royalist in Liberty next week.]



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"Miss American Aviation" for 1940—Stewardess Margaret Mellon of Chicago & Southern Air Lines was awarded the title at this year's National Air Carnival.

EVERYBODY said the fifth year of marriage was the most difficult. At that time, it seemed, wives grew irritable and absent-minded, and husbands often began looking at the babes.

If you could only survive that year, you were likely to go on until one or the other of you got the insurance.

een hundred dollars. Mary was mainly responsible for saving it, but Johnny felt the weight of it more.

They had spent their first two vacations, plus part of their honeymoon, on the farm where Mary's mother and father lived. The folks were always glad to see them; it didn't cost anything and the food was good, but Johnny was a little tired of it. Besides, they had eighteen hundred dol-

SEÑOR GROGAN



saves the day

By Robert Carson

But with Johnny and Mary it was the third year, and what they had to survive was Mexico. Love was battling Tecamachalo, Orizaba, Cuernavaca, and even Mexico, D. F.

The third year of their marriage was a pretty good one for them. They had eighteen hundred and forty dollars in the bank. They and the FHA had a seven-room house. The bank that held their money also employed Johnny. It was the First Farmers' Bank, and Johnny was a teller.

They were very happy until July, as they had been ever since they met in a dark movie and Johnny sat in Mary's lap thinking it was an empty seat. In July Johnny started feeling tired. He was going to take his vacation the first two weeks in September. The heat had something to do with his fatigue, and also the eight-

lars. He felt there must be something more than swimming in a lake, shooting a .22 rifle, slapping bugs, and going to bed at nine o'clock at night. Far countries were calling.

They commenced calling when Art Hamilton, who was next to him, in the A to B cage, came back from his two weeks of roving. Art was a bachelor. He returned to the First Farmers' with a tan, a slight hoarseness due to an overdose of tequila, and bright memories of a tour to romantic old Mexico. Johnny listened, enthralled. He had never been to a foreign country, and here was one practically next door. It was about the last place in the world you could visit without your own air force. What Johnny heard made the farm seem pretty silly by comparison.

That night Johnny had much to tell. "Have you given any thought," he said carefully, "to where we're going to spend our vacation this year?"

Mary was surprised. "The farm, aren't we?"

"It's not inevitable. We could go some place else. To Mexico, perhaps."

"Mexico!" Mary exclaimed.

"Well, what's the matter with Mexico?" Johnny demanded. "Art Hamilton says it's wonderful."

"He would."

"It's a foreign country, Mary! It's strange, romantic, colorful. When you've been there, you have memories all the rest of your life."

"I've enough memories now," Mary said.

"Going to a foreign country broadens you."

"Let me see the folder."





Carlos and Mary were burning up the boards. Mary's cheeks were flushed, her eyes starry bright.

that money to have a baby with." Johnny kissed her on the ear again and disengaged himself. He avoided her eyes.

"We've got ourselves to think of," he said. "I want a little fun while I'm young."

"All right, daddy," Mary said.

"Don't call me daddy," Johnny told her. "It makes me nervous."

Johnny discovered three other people in the First Farmers' who had been to Mexico, including a stenographer with a face like an Inca ruin with glasses on. She said you needed some Spanish to savor the country and the natives were nicer to you if you addressed them in their own tongue. That gave Johnny an idea.

Under his prodding, Mary went to a library and came home with an armload of books on Mexico. Johnny spent several happy nights with them. Mary sat and watched him. When he had gone through all the books, Johnny sent her out again for a Spanish dictionary and a grammar.

The dictionary and the grammar held Johnny for two weeks. Mary couldn't even get him to go to a movie. He read the books from cover to cover. Presently he discovered that he didn't know a thing. The obvious solution was a teacher.

He broached the subject to Mary at dinner. She choked slightly on a piece of steak.

"You should take the lessons, too," Johnny said.

"I don't mind talking to myself," Mary said, "but why should I talk to myself in Spanish?"

"If we should decide to go to Mexico instead of that damned farm—"

"You've already decided, haven't you?"

"Well," Johnny said, "you've got something to say about it, honey."

"What?" Mary said. "Yes?"

Johnny rose happily and kissed her on the ear. "I knew you'd come around to it," he said. He sat down again. "Think of it, sweet. We'll just laze through Mexico, carrying a tent, stopping wherever we want, talking to the people."

"A tent? Then all I'll need is a pair of slacks and a can opener."

"We'll get to know the country like a book."

"Sure," Mary said. "In one week. It'll take us the other week to get to the border."

Johnny grew rigid, considering this. "Two weeks," he said, "is not enough for this trip."

It took forty-eight hours for him to nerve himself up. When he had, he went to see the personnel officer of the bank. The interview was entirely satisfactory. All that day he felt fine. But that evening he came to Mary on leaden feet, with a gait that suggested he was trying to wag his tail.

A blithe, sparkling tale of woman's wile and a wife who got what she wanted

"I haven't been reading any folder!" Johnny said. "But you just look at Art. He's a changed man."

"Any change would be for the better," Mary said. She got up. "Let's do the dishes."

The silence between them grew sullen. When they finished, Mary removed her rubber gloves and smiled.

"Don't be mad," she said. "I'll buy you a balloon or something."

"Oh, I'm not mad," Johnny told her. "But what you fail to realize is that I'm in need of a rest, and I can't

get it without a change of scene."

Unconsciously his lower lip protruded a little. He was good-looking and honest and very clean, and appealing to Mary with his crisp hair tousled over his forehead. She felt the same stabbing tenderness that she had ever since she'd got him out of that dark theater and taken a good look at him under the lights.

"Poor baby!" she said. "You are tired, aren't you?" She took him in her arms. Johnny kissed her ear.

"I feel suddenly old," he said tragically.

"Johnny, it'd cost too much."

"We could drive. And there's a favorable rate of exchange. You give 'em a dollar and you get so many pesos back you have to carry them around in a sack. We have money."

"I thought we were going to use

"What's the dope?" Mary said. "Don't stall!"

"Well," Johnny said, "I got them to give me a month's vacation at the bank so we could really make a tour of it. Two whole extra weeks. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Wonderful," Mary said. "I could bust you one!"

The silence technique flourished all during dinner and doing the dishes. Back in the living room, they squared off. A good deal was said about a number of things.

LISTEN," Johnny finally said in a loud voice. "I've got a right to do what I want to, even if I am married. I'm going to see something of the world before I die, whether you like it or not."

"You can go around the world more times than Cook's tours," Mary told him, "and you would still be a dead ringer for a tailor's dummy."

"I've got a right to live. No woman is going to tie me down."

"No woman would be that interested."

"If you like that farm so well," Johnny said, "you go there and I'll go to Mexico."

Mary burst into tears and ran into the bedroom. The sound of her sobbing came to Johnny, who sat perspiring freely. At last she stopped, but the quiet was worse. Johnny went into the bedroom. She was sitting up; and when she saw him, a

smile came on her wet face. That settled his hash. He sat down on the bed beside her and they squeezed each other convulsively.

"We'll go to the farm, sugar," Johnny said in a small voice. "I wouldn't trade you for all of Acapulco."

"No, we won't," Mary said. "I've been all wrong. A wife should do what her husband wants. We'll go to Mexico."

Johnny jumped up. "Honest? You mean that?"

"Sure," Mary said. "Give me your handkerchief."

He wiped her nose for her but he did it absently. "You're swell," he said. "I love you. In Tres Cumbres they have tacos of roast pork. I wish I had one right now."

"I'll make you a peanut-butter sandwich," Mary said.

Peace hovered over the breakfast table in the morning. Mary was bright and cheery, but Johnny waited until leaving time to bring up the subject of a Spanish teacher. Mary was entirely co-operative. The thing to do was put their problem before her bridge club.

"That's a swell idea," Johnny said.

Mary's bridge club was a famous clearinghouse. The females who composed it knew everything. It was possible, by appealing to the club, to get anything from a wet nurse to a reliable roofer on short notice.

When Johnny kissed Mary good-by, she melted into his arms with almost

a brand-new compliance. Johnny felt a sudden odd sense of power. She was his woman, and he'd been spending too much time lately arguing instead of issuing orders. He made a mental note to conduct his home life on more of a totalitarian basis.

The bridge club met that day, and Mary had news that night. The teacher would be by at eight o'clock. He was reputedly very good and he charged only three dollars a lesson for two.

"Two?" Johnny said. "You're going to take lessons with me?"

"Of course," Mary told him. "I talked to him on the phone. He sounded awfully nice."

"Yeah?" Johnny said. "What's his name?"

"Carlos Grogan."

"Grogan? That's not Spanish."

"His mother was Spanish and his father Irish. He's lived in Mexico for years. . . . They say Latins are very romantic."

Dinner was sketchy. Johnny said the rice tasted like it had been fried in mouthwash.

"I'm excited," Mary said. "Practically the only real foreigner I ever met was an organ-grinder. Maybe Mr. Grogan will kiss my hand."

"Grogan!" Johnny said.

PPROMPTLY at eight the doorbell rang and Carlos Grogan appeared. He had bright red hair and Alice Blue Gown eyes, but there was

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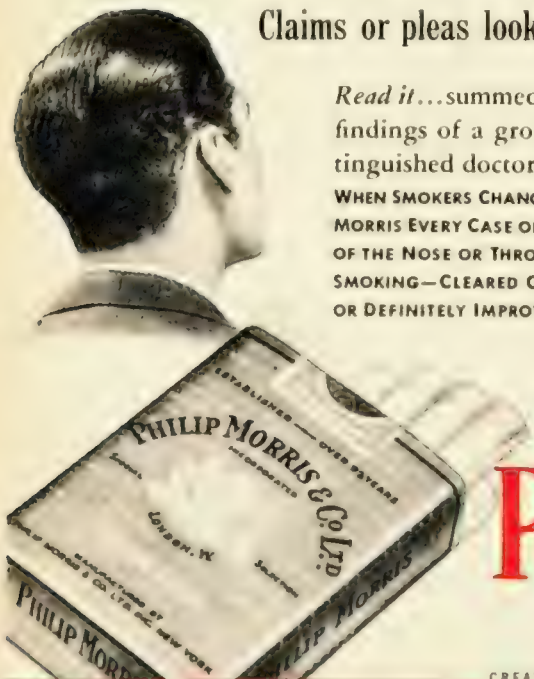
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unquestionably a foreign air about him.

"I'm Mary Mercer," Mary said. "This is Mr. Mercer."

Carlos bowed stiffly from the waist. "Delighted." He bent over Mary's hand and kissed it. Then he looked at her with hot blue eyes. "The beautiful Señora Mercer," he said. "I have heard of her."

Johnny explained that they wanted a quick thorough knowledge of the language in order to better appreciate their forthcoming tour of Mexico.

"With Señora Mercer with you," Carlos said, "the country will be yours. Beyond the Rio Grande beauty such as hers is the wine of life."

"Uh-huh," Johnny said. "I think we'll take lessons four nights a week. We haven't got much time."

"As you wish, Señor Mercer."

The first lesson started. Johnny was feeling like an orphan before it was half over. Carlos smiled at Mary a lot, and he liked her pronunciation from the first; but he seemed to regard Johnny as an unwarranted intruder. Toward the end, Johnny was snapping vowels like chewing gum.

They both took Carlos to the door when he left, Johnny to make sure everything was on the up-and-up.

"*Buenas noches, señor,*" he said. He turned to Mary with a smile and bent over her hand. "*Hasta mañana, señora.*"

After he had gone, Johnny got his dictionary and looked up *hasta mañana*. It meant "until tomorrow," which seemed innocent enough. Suddenly Johnny jerked. Tomorrow. That didn't mean tomorrow night.

"What are you doing?" Mary asked.

"Nothing," Johnny said.

He sat up in bed and did his homework. Mary lay by his side and looked dreamily at the ceiling.

"Didn't the lesson time go by fast?" Mary said.

"Yeah," Johnny replied.

"He likes my pronunciation."

"Uh-huh."

"I can't wait to get to Mexico," Mary said. "I wonder if all the Mexican men are like him?"

"If they are," Johnny said, "I—Listen. I got to do my homework."

CARLOS came ten times, and Mary made astounding progress. Johnny lagged behind, but he consoled himself with the obvious fact that Mary was teacher's pet. For the purposes of the class, they became Maria and Juan. Before long they were speaking a little Spanish—things like "My brother speaks Spanish better than I do," and "I live in the white house near the school." They spoke haltingly to each other in their spare time on a variety of uninteresting subjects:

Spanish seemed to make a new woman of Mary. All day long she was a prosaic, steady housewife, but on lesson nights she blossomed out into Maria, a bloom of old Spain, a flower of romance. On those evenings dinner tasted like it was made of old

tires, and Maria sang Cielito Lindo happily over the gas stove in Spanish.

Johnny began giving not only Spanish but the whole theory of Latin romance a good deal of thought.

Carlos kissed Mary's hand every time he came in and every time he went out. That made twenty times, the way Johnny computed it and he was a bank teller. As far as he could see, Mary liked it. That took more than a teller to figure out. He felt himself getting a little suspicious.

When they had seen Carlos off for the tenth time, Mary mentioned inviting him for dinner.

"Why?" Johnny said. "We're paying him, aren't we?"

"Well, we really ought to have him here, Johnny," Mary said. "He's more than just a teacher."

"Maybe he is to you."

EXPLAIN that crack, señor," Mary said grimly.

"I'm not explaining anything." "You getting jealous because Carlos is nice to me?"

"If I was going to get jealous, it wouldn't be of any Mexican."

"He's half Irish," Mary said.

"If he was half Clark Gable," Johnny said loudly, "I still wouldn't be jealous. I'm not the jealous type."

They went to bed in silence. Johnny slid down under the covers and turned his back on her.

"Aren't you going to study?" Mary asked.

"No."

"Would you rather I turned off my lamp?"

"Yes."

Mary turned off the light. After a moment she snuggled up against his back. Johnny stared grimly into the darkness.

"Won't it be wonderful when we get to Tres Cumbres and have some of those roast-pork tacos?" Mary said.

"Wonderful," Johnny said.

"Speaking of tacos," Mary went on, "you think we'd better not have Carlos to dinner, huh?"

"I don't care."

"Tomorrow night?"

"All right."

"If you'd rather, I won't let him kiss my hand any more," Mary said.

"I don't care if he kisses your hand," Johnny said. "I'm going to kiss him myself some day—good-by."

The dinner in Carlos' honor was a thing of art. Mary labored a whole afternoon on it. Naturally, as she explained to Carlos, it was just plain American cooking; there were no wonderful Spanish dishes. But Carlos was ecstatic.

Although the food melted in Johnny's mouth and he ate too much, he felt himself inclining to surliness. Mary and Carlos chatted amiably in Spanish, but Johnny only listened. When he had to make a reply, it was in English.

After dinner they had brandy in the living room. Maria, whose capacity was limited, grew very gay.

"I'll tell you what, Maria," Carlos

said, "let's go to a real Spanish night club. Have you ever been to one?"

"No, but I'd love to go."

"*Bueno!*" Carlos said. "We'll go to El Simpático."

"Aw, I don't want to go out tonight," Johnny told them. "I've got my slippers on."

"Please, Johnny," Mary said.

"Juan, you must," Carlos said. "It will help your Spanish—and you need a lot of help."

"I've got all the Spanish I want."

"Oh, please, Johnny," Mary pleaded. "We'll have fun!"

"I'll call a girl I know," Carlos said.

"All right," Johnny said.

He and Mary went to the bedroom while Carlos got on the telephone to call the girl he knew. Johnny put on his shoes while Mary fixed her face.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Juan?" she asked.

"You call me John!" said Johnny.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I've got indigestion."

"*No me venga Ud. Con cuentos,*" Mary told him.

"Huh?"

"That means 'Go tell that to the marines.'"

"Where'd you learn that?" Johnny demanded. "It's not in the book."

"Carlos taught it to me."

"When?"

"Oh, I met him downtown one day," Mary said. "He bought me an ice-cream soda. Mrs. Genoble was with me. She's crazy about him. She's going to take lessons."

Carlos drove them in his rattletrap car. Mary sat up in front beside him and Johnny sat in the back. They stopped at an apartment house and picked up the girl, who turned out to be a Mercedes Garcia, with black hair, a pretty face, great brown eyes, and a faint odor of garlic on her breath. The introductions over, Carlos railroaded her into the back with Johnny and the journey was on again.

"*Me alegro de ver a usted,*" Johnny said thickly. The conversation was bright and rapid in the front seat, and he thought he ought to say something.

"Oh, let's talk American, kid," Mercedes said. "It's easier."

That shut Johnny up.

El Simpático was hot, smoky, noisy, and, to Johnny's amazement, populated almost exclusively by Mexicans. For the first time in his life he heard a complete and constant clamor of Spanish. It sounded terrible. On every side he saw counterparts, at least in manner, of Carlos.

THEY sat in a booth festooned with streamers of colored paper and lighted by two candles stuck in bottle necks. A waitress in a costume that hadn't seen a laundry for a couple of months came up to take their orders. Carlos ordered tostados, which tasted like slabs of buttered cement to Johnny, and forced a tequila cocktail on everybody. Johnny risked his teeth on one tostado and then took a hearty highball swallow

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of the tequila. For an agonized moment he thought he had been served gasoline. A trail of fire ran down his insides as far as his belt buckle and exploded, after which a hammer fell on his head, and it was all over.

The five-man orchestra, every one of whom looked like a former Villa man, began to play. Carlos rose with Mary.

"Want to dance, kid?" Mercedes asked.

"No," Johnny said and took some more tequila. Since he had third-degree burns all the way down his digestive tract now, it didn't matter.

He looked out on the dance floor. Along with a lot of other Latins, Mary and Carlos were doing a conga. Where Mary had learned the dance, Johnny didn't know. Probably in the drugstore where she had the soda.

"I see your little woman's got it, too," Mercedes remarked.

"What?" Johnny asked.

"Carlositis. They all go for him. I do myself."

"I don't," Johnny said.

He asked Mercedes if she'd have another cocktail.

"Oh, sure," Mercedes agreed.

"But don't be surprised if I suddenly get up and kick you in the teeth."

The cocktail came and went down Johnny. The orchestra struck up another tune. Carlos and Mary were burning up the boards. Mary's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were starry bright. Her page-boy bob was coming down a little on her shoulders. Her skirt flicked around her straight slim legs. She looked extraordinarily pretty.

Johnny hadn't watched Mary in this way for a couple of years. It came to him with shocking suddenness now that she was a very attractive girl, a desirable girl, a girl worth fighting for. And nobody was going to take her away from him.

I LIKE Benny Goodman myself," Mercedes was saying, "but this is better than nothing. . . . You haven't got a wooden leg, have you?"

"No," Johnny said, rising abruptly, "but I could use a good club."

He strode across the dance floor until he came to Carlos and Mary. The tequila was burning like quicksilver through his veins. He tapped Carlos on the shoulder.

"Listen," Johnny said to Mary. "You're going home!"

"Going home!" Carlos said. "Why, we've only been here—"

Johnny shoved a fist an inch from Carlos' nose. Carlos backed away.

"I've been watching you, you Irish peon," Johnny told him. "I know you've been after my wife. You can make a fool of her, but you can't make one of me. She's going home, and neither one of us is ever going to see you again. And if you ever come around, you Aztec rat, I'll bend you like a pretzel!"

The other dancers crowded around curiously. Johnny looked at Mary.

"Have you got anything to say?" he demanded.

"No," Mary replied submissively. Johnny marched her out of El Simpático forever.

They took a taxi home. There was nothing said until they got in the house. They paused in the hallway.

"Do you want a divorce?" Mary asked.

"No," Johnny said with dignity, "but I want an understanding with you. From now on I'm going to be boss in this house. And there won't be any more Spanish lessons or any more Spanish guys. Understand?"

"Yes, teacher," Mary said.

Then she burst into tears. Johnny took her in the darkened living room to comfort her. They sat on the couch and necked, sadly happy.

"I've been a foolish girl," Mary said when she could talk again. "You're wonderful to forgive me."

"I know what I'm doing," Johnny said. "I've been too easygoing in the past, that's all."

"This is like that first night in the show, isn't it?" Mary said.

"We didn't neck that first night."

"Well, we did the second night. We went to another show. Remember?"

"Yeah," Johnny said. "Another thing. We're not going to Mexico."

A MONTH later, browned and filled out from two weeks at the farm, Johnny was holding down the C to G cage when a New Accounts man came over with Mercedes.

"Oh, hello, kid," she said. She shoved two hundred dollars in crumpled bills at him. "Put this in a joint account, will you, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Grogan?"

"Grogan!" Johnny said. "Have you married the guy?"

"Yeah, I finally got him."

Johnny wrote up the passbook, stamped the date, and made the entry. He handed it to her.

"It's none of my business," he said, "but I think you were crazy to marry him. He was practically in love with my wife. How're you going to stay married to a guy like that?"

Mercedes said wearily, "Ain't you wise to that frame-up yet?"

"Frame-up?"

"Sure. Your little woman paid Carlos to give her a big rush. She figured it'd make you sore and then she wouldn't have to go to Mexico. So long, kid."

"Adios," Johnny said absently.

Mary was waiting for him in the driveway when he got home. He walked over to her, conveying the impression that his fangs were bared.

"I've some news for you," Mary said.

"I've got some for you," Johnny replied grimly.

"Let me tell mine first," Mary said. "We're going to have a baby!"

Johnny stared at her, growing rigid. Then a very, very wide smile started to break across his face. It was like a Mexican sunrise.

"Muy bueno," Johnny said. That means "very good."

THE END



America's New front line of defense

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK
author of *Black Majesty*, *Murder in Trinidad*, etc.

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DURING the whole course of our history America's natural front line of defense has been held by foreign Powers. Only occasionally—until today—have we cared. We were big, and with the immensity of a rich continent behind us we have given little thought to the fact that, from a military and naval point of view, the British and French Empires, entrenched at our sea gates, were bigger. France was our friend. Great Britain, after we had twice defeated her, settled down into a kind of comfortable cousinly relationship with us. Newfoundland, in the American mind, has been thought of only as a bleak habitat of fish and missionaries, and the West Indies as a convenient place for winter cruises.

More than a century ago we stated in the Monroe Doctrine that the *status quo* in our half of the world would never change—so there was nothing to worry about. If France and England enjoyed the possession of a string of unprofitable islands off our coast, they were welcome to them.

That was a long time ago. That was a year ago! Lately Americans and their government have been looking at the map—and worrying. The great French Empire vanished like blown mist, leaving England to fight not a nation but the master of a continent. We find that the friendly flags that fly from our bastions are not so securely fixed as we thought. The same islands that defended us yesterday might tomorrow hem us in.

We have acted quickly. By an exchange of letters between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, and the delivery of fifty overage destroyers, we have acquired the right to establish naval and air bases on eight separate outposts of our Atlantic coast, from Newfoundland in the far north all the way down to the colony of British Guiana on the tropical mainland of South America. Whether viewed as a deal in real estate or in insurance, the negotiation is one of the most startling in our history.

No one at home or abroad can say that we are "grabbing territory." If Uncle Sam were interested merely in adding to his profitable holdings, there are far sweeter apples within his reach. Nor can much case be made for the accusation that we have been jockeyed into the dangerous position of saving Britain's chestnuts.

Newfoundland proves both points. Newfoundland, omitting the desolate coast of Labrador which is part of it, is an island larger than the State of Virginia which supports—and supports badly—a smaller population than the city of Providence, Rhode Island. Newfoundland has undevel-

The facts about what our enlarged battle horizons really mean to the U. S. A.

oped wealth in the form of immense forests, but the chief occupation of its inhabitants is deep-sea fishing. The coast is precipitous and rocky, the climate cold and foggy. Far from turning in a profit to the British Crown, Newfoundland is bankrupt. Its support costs England an average of \$5,000,000 a year.

But, as a potential base for the defense of North America, Newfoundland's value is beyond price. A few years ago Newfoundland appeared frequently in the news as the take-off place for the first trans-Atlantic airplane flights. The United States Navy seaplane NC4, Alcock and Brown, Post and Gatty, and Amelia Earhart all started their successful ocean crossings from the outermost tip of Newfoundland. Their reason was obvious. The distance from Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula to the coast of Ireland is only 1,700 miles, roughly half the sea distance from New York to London. Any aggressor, therefore, who secured a foothold in Newfoundland before us would, in one move, halve the width of the sea moat which is still America's chief safeguard.

It must also be borne in mind that the Newfoundland coasts lie close to that landmen's puzzle, the "great circle" short ship route to Europe.

Captains are warned on the United States Pilot Charts that they may expect to encounter fogs from forty to forty-five per cent of the time, the year round, in the seas off New-

foundland. But fogs can be a help as well as a hazard. Approaching ships grow confused in fog because they lose track of their position. Entrenched defenders of a rugged coast, operating outward only for short distances, can, by the aid of low-power radio beams, keep track of precisely where they are.

Bermuda—sunlit, friendly, peaceful Bermuda—is closer to us. From a military point of view it is painfully close. Even during the days of the Civil War, Bermuda's proximity to our coasts was a persistent thorn in the flesh of the Union forces. Today seaplane bases among the Bermuda islets on their mid-ocean mountain peak lie only five hours fast bomber time from New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Those same protected landing places provide an invaluable steppingstone on the eastbound fair-weather Clipper route to Europe.

The British, who have generally omitted fortifying their New World possessions, have made an exception in the case of Bermuda. The countless thousands of American tourists who have vacationed in Bermuda have all been more or less impressed by the distant sight of cranes and docks and moored gray ships by Ireland Island, across the bay from Hamilton—and by the "No Trespassing" signs that confront small boat explorers who venture too close to it.

Though it is the most important offshore British naval base in the Western Hemisphere, the Ireland Island establishment does not claim to rank among the champions. But it is considerably more than a beginning. It has a modern floating dry dock, shops capable of undertaking important repairs, and far more seaward-pointing guns than any tourists realize. The outlying coral reefs that ring Bermuda make attack peculiarly difficult. There is only one entrance through them for large ships, and the one channel into Hamilton could be easily defended.

IF plans materialize and American gobs land in Bermuda, they will be welcome. The islands' population of 31,000, half of whom are white and half of whom are Negro, already know us well, and like us. American tourists have been their chief support for years, and New York their chief market. We get on with them, and they get on with us. Such things are fully as important as guns and dry docks.

The vast archipelago of the Bahamas swings still closer to us. The nearest island in the group, Grand Bahama, is only a hundred miles from the Florida coast. The other islands, cays, and reefs stretch six hundred miles southeast almost to the coast of Haiti, and lie directly across all the Atlantic approaches to the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean, and the route from Europe to the Panama Canal. The impossibility of effectively policing the Bahamas while in the control of a foreign

Power has recently been demonstrated.

During the prohibition years the Bahamas were the rumrunners' paradise. Though the British government sometimes tried feebly to be helpful and the Coast Guard did its best, more alcohol seeped through the Bahama leaks than through any other single hole.

Translated into modern possibilities, the prohibition experience would seem to indicate that if an enemy power secured possession of either Bermuda or the Bahamas, it would be almost impossible for us to prevent the landing of small troop units along our seaboard. The problem would resolve itself into the extremely difficult one of blasting the aggressors completely from their island bases.

In the British Ambassador's note to Secretary of State Hull by which the deal for the new bases was sealed, it is specified that any sites among the Bahamas which we may occupy shall be "on the eastern side of the Bahamas." Since, by counting in every visible sandbar, the Bahamas comprise some two thousand islets, that takes in a good deal of territory. But the reason for the provision is clear.

SEAWAYS among the Bahamas are regarded as among the most dangerous ocean passages in the world. The sunny Bahaman seas are filled with reefs and constantly shifting sandbars. The tides and currents that run in them are almost incalculable. Ship captains who have not had long local experience confine themselves to a few well marked passages. Commanders of American naval and air bases placed strategically on the eastern Europe-facing Bahaman coasts would keep watch for an approaching enemy and would merely have to close those passages, of which there are seven between Florida and Haiti. Enemy battleships and troop transports would be particularly vulnerable among the difficult Bahaman channels.

The Republic of Haiti lies beyond the Bahamas, and then, across another important sea passage, comes Puerto Rico, acquired by us as a result of the Spanish-American War. A rumor has originated in Washington that the government is prepared to spend an ultimate \$250,000,000 for Puerto Rican defense.

The Virgin Islands were bought by the United States from Denmark in 1917. Today sleepy, beautiful St. Thomas is noisy with the snort of steam and the sound of many hammers; \$1,500,000 has just been appropriated to develop a big Marine Corps air base, and an additional \$500,000 has been set aside for a submarine base.

We now, by arrangement with England, have rights to bases in the two more southerly islands of Antigua and St. Lucia. The map shows that Antigua and St. Lucia both form obviously valuable links in the West Indies defensive chain. But a

glance into past history brings their importance into sharper relief.

Few regions on the earth's surface have been fought over so long and so hard as the West Indies. In the beginning, thanks to Christopher Columbus, they were Spain's. But the Spanish grasp soon weakened, and then, for two hundred years, France and England battled each other for the prizes. Drake, Hawkins, and the Admirals Nelson and Rodney all learned their sea trade among the islands. No coasts anywhere have ever been more carefully studied from the standpoint of their naval importance, or have ever been studied by such expert masters. From the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the end of the Napoleonic Wars, Antigua was the chosen naval base of the British West Indies squadron.

THE shores of Antigua are protected by coral reefs, but the coast is indented with a number of natural harbors. One, called English Harbor, on the western side of the island, where Nelson once refitted his ships, still stands much as it was a hundred years ago, complete with barracks, sail lofts, and powder magazine. The introduction of deep-draft ships eventually outmoded English Harbor and it has not been used for years, but modern engineering could easily restore it.

St. Lucia, the key island of the southern, Windward group, has in the course of its history changed hands between the French and English no less than fifteen times—for a similar strategic reason. St. Lucia has few harbors. But guns among its hills could command two passages that lead in a straight line across the Caribbean to Panama.

Trinidad is now separated from the Venezuelan coast by only two narrow passages called, picturesquely, the Dragon's and the Serpent's Mouth. Two peninsulas which jut from Trinidad's western corners and a long hilly point of land which thrusts out from the continental mainland enclose a protected body of water called the Gulf of Paria. There is no harbor in the whole Caribbean that compares with it in size. The Normandie has safely dropped her anchor in it, and today the gulf is the chief center of British naval activity in western waters.

The colony of British Guiana, three hundred miles east of Trinidad, in South America, has a low and swampy coast and no good harbors. Its only military use for us would probably be as a plane base for outward reconnaissance patrol. Jamaica, south of Cuba and deep in the Caribbean area, has no apparent defensive use, but it would be a useful stepping-stone and supply base on the way to Panama.

Defense bases, like wars, need men. More good old-fashioned muscle and perspiration are needed to build such things as docks and landing fields than anything else on

earth. The West Indies, however, is well provided with labor.

Negroes from Jamaica did most of the actual work of building the Panama Canal. The black field hands of the sugar islands take to a pick and shovel as a bird to song, and they particularly like to work for Americans. America, down through the islands, is almost a legend.

In the generation before immigration quotas were established, thousands of West Indian Negroes came to the United States to settle. Most of the islands had sunk into poverty when slavery was abolished in 1834 and had never risen again, and for a long time the black inhabitants had had neither fun nor fortune. In the United States, at least relatively, they found both. There were jobs, wages were higher than any one at home had ever dreamed of, and—there was Harlem! To enhance the legend of their splendor, the émigrés proved astonishingly generous. There are hundreds of old colored mothers and fathers in the British West Indies who are still being regularly supported by sons in America whom they have not seen for twenty years. An intelligent resident of the tiny “pauper island” of St. Kitts, in the Leeward group, once seriously assured me that remittances from America to relatives at home actually provided the necessary margin which made life on St. Kitts possible. Those few who have gone

home for visits have been in too romantic a frame of mind to have described our faults. The American engineers, if sympathetic, will have helpers of unquestioned loyalty.

Because of the very obvious value of the Panama Canal it is easy to forget that “America’s Mediterranean”—as the strategists are beginning to call the Caribbean—contains other prizes. The region of Maracaibo, in Venezuela, is one of the richest oil fields in the world. If Germany could secure control of it she would have a military and commercial asset worth the scalps of half a dozen European neutrals. The tiny barren Dutch islands of Curaçao and Aruba, just off Maracaibo, are an equally rich plum—and one that is half in the Nazi lap already.

Curaçao and Aruba, where it never rains and the inhabitants have water left at the door like milk, have the largest and most modern petroleum refining plants in the world. The astounding total of 10,000 ships clears the port of Curaçao each normal year, and the refineries on both islands crack and purify 750,000 barrels of oil per day! Before the war Curaçao refined 40 per cent of all British oil, 12 per cent of all French oil, and 38 per cent of all the oil of Germany.

Curaçao and Aruba are Dutch possessions. But Holland itself is now a German possession. Therefore . . .

If the war should end with a German victory, that sentence could easily be finished. Some jungle justice would be on the German side, and we would be in a thoroughly uncomfortable position. When Holland was invaded the same horrid thought came simultaneously in the French and British minds, and marines of both nationalities were immediately sent to Curaçao from near-by islands. More recently, Canadian troops have landed. The situation, to put it mildly, is intricate; but it is difficult to believe that the United States would permit even the commercial dominance of the Dutch oil islands by any unsympathetic power. With bases on the outer line of the West Indies we would be in a position to enforce that prejudice far more effectively than by any simple statement of the Monroe Doctrine.

The tactical device of obtaining a naval base in otherwise foreign territory is not a new one in American history. Arrangements were made for the acquisition of Pearl Harbor, America’s Pacific Gibraltar, in the Hawaiian Islands, in 1884, fourteen years before the surrounding islands became a Territory of the United States. Chester Alan Arthur was President, but even in that peaceful decade ounces of prevention were considered good sense. There has been peace in the Pacific ever since.

One may hope it is an omen.

THE END



HOW DO YOU LOOK TO THE PRETTY CASHIER?



WASHOUT? Do you soak your hair with water to comb it? Water washes away natural oils, makes hair dry out wild, hard to comb and impossible to keep neat. Use Kreml and see the difference.



SLICKER? Looks just as bad to go to the other extreme. Hair plastered down with sticky, greasy goo shines like patent leather. Makes your comb messy, your hat band soggy. But not Kreml.



OLD TOP? Hair once gone is gone forever and with it goes the appearance of youth. If you still have your hair, use Kreml. It is a marvelous tonic that removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair.



HEAD MAN! Give Kreml a trial and see how it keeps your hair looking its natural best. An excellent dressing — it’s neither sticky nor greasy, lends luster to hair, makes it easy to comb, holds it in place.

KREML the famous tonic dressing removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp. Ask for Kreml at the barber shop, keep a bottle at home for daily use.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

DANCE AT DAWN



*Liberty's True Short Short
by Michael Hall*

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DURING the year 1720, Dr. Young, an officer belonging to the Woolwich garrison in England, was escorting some ladies up the Thames River to Vauxhall. He was playing some tunes on his flute, when from behind them came a boat in which were several officers rowing for the same goal. Soon they came alongside the one the doctor and his party were in, and the doctor ceased playing.

One of the officers immediately asked why he did so.

"For the same reason I began,"

answered Dr. Young, "to please myself."

The reply to this was an order to continue playing, ending with a threat that if he did not do so, he would be tossed into the Thames. Dr. Young complied with the insolent demand and played all the way to Vauxhall.

During the same evening, however, he observed the officer who had been so musically inclined by himself. He went up to him and with great coolness said:

"It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony of either my company or

yours that I complied with your arrogant demand, but, that you may learn courage is to be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect you to meet me tomorrow morning at a certain place without any second, the quarrel being entirely between ourselves."

The doctor further covenanted that the affair should be decided with swords. The time and place were named, and the officer readily agreed.

They met the following dawn, but the moment the officer had taken his ground and drawn his sword, the doctor pulled out a horse pistol and aimed it at him.

"What!" exclaimed the officer. "Do you mean to assassinate me?"

"No," replied the doctor; "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man."

The officer began to swear at his opponent and vowed he would do nothing of the kind. The doctor said that if he didn't begin to dance before he counted thirty he would kill him. In slow time the doctor began to count. When "ten" was reached the officer put up his sword. When "twenty" was counted, he began going through the minuet as stately as any man could do.

After a quarter of an hour's practice, the muzzle of the pistol lowered. The doctor was laughing, and said:

"That will do, sir. We are now quits. You forced me to play against my will, and I have compelled you to dance against yours. Being now on a level, I will give you whatever other satisfaction you require. The next affair will, of course, be with seconds. You know where to find me. Good morning."

The doctor, however, heard no more of the matter.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:

- 0-4 Correct No good
- 5-9 Correct Middling
- 10-12 Correct Good
- 13-15 Correct Better
- 16-20 Correct Summa cum

1—Who was regarded as the world's fastest detective-story writer?

2—What is the distinctive feature of the famous line: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan"?

3—The name of what game is also the name of a fruit?

4—Why is it that a baseball manager rarely orders a batter to bunt on the third strike?

5—To learn the identity of the murderer, a detective had to determine the ownership of a torn shirt found at the scene of the crime. Microscopic examina-

QUESTIONS

tion of the shirt revealed no marks of value. What was the detective's next action in connection with the shirt?

6—What was the first attempt to form a union in the American colonies?

7—What curious coincidence happened to movie star Don Ameche shortly after he completed a starring role in *Four Sons*?

8—"The sun never sets on the British Empire" runs the old saying. Can the same be said of United States territory?

9—With what aspect of transportation is the name John Loudon McAdam famous?

10—Do wallflowers ever bloom?

11—What gem is supposed to prevent

you from becoming intoxicated when you imbibe too freely?

12—Were the women the mutineers of the *Bounty* married found on Pitcairn Island?

13—What is known as the "dew point"?

14—Is there any difference between flotsam and jetsam?

15—"Assault and battery" is a well known term in law. Is it possible to commit battery without committing assault?

16—Do porcupines throw their quills?

17—What is a "maverick" and how did the term come into use?

18—What is the origin of the phrase "forlorn hope"?

19—The boundaries of what state touch on four of the Great Lakes?

20—What rather unusual gift did Adolf Hitler recently present to Benito Mussolini?

(Answers will be found on page 64)

40,000,000 MAGIC CARPETS



READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

HOW does one go about seeing the United States?"

The man who asked this question was a tall, stalwart, straight-backed Englishman who had emerged with his fresh-faced English wife from one of Washington's fashionable small hotels.

The man to whom the question was addressed was Joe Carnaggio, owner and driver of a taxicab.

"Well," replied Joe, with an eye to business as well as helpfulness, "a two-hour ride around Washington is a good way to begin."

Somewhere between the Library of Congress and the Lincoln Memorial, Joe sold his fares on continuing the day's outing beyond the borders of the District of Columbia.

Three weeks later, still guided by Carnaggio, they crossed the Hudson, over the George Washington Bridge, into uptown Manhattan.

Their taxi bill was \$625. But, according to the dispatches, they had "been to Mount Vernon, Arlington, Yorktown, Jamestown, Charlottesville, over the Skyline Drive to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, then north through Harrisburg to Montreal, Ottawa, then south again through Lake Placid, Albany, Saratoga Springs, Mirror Lake, and West Point."

The journals which told of the Carnaggio excursion recorded also the taxi ride to Mexico City and return of one Emily Fisher, aged seventy-six, of Norwood, Massachusetts, and the taxicab exploits of Catherine Bruen, a maiden lady of Brewster, New York, who had completed two taxi round trips to Bellingham, Washington, each jaunt involving a mileage of approximately six thousand miles.

Although most of us would rather make our cross-country trips in a vehicle more personal than a taxicab, we cannot miss the point behind these metered gaddings: that it's only a taxi ride today from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Yet in 1900, when the first automobile show was held, horseless carriages, as they were then universally called, had to be driven around a

By
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

track strewn with barrels to prove to a skeptical public that they could be steered; and Theodore Roosevelt was commended in the press for his "characteristic courage" in daring to ride in one of the contraptions.

America was still in the livery stable. American life was still hitched to a post.

Today there are more than 40,000,000 automobiles in existence, approximately 30,000,000 of which are in the United States.

But the development of the massive industry which this forty-year growth represents began far back of the year 1900. It is, in fact, the crowning of man's centuries-long effort to solve the all-important problem of getting from here to there.

From the beginning of civilization, man's life has turned on a wheel.

Asiatics knew well the wheel and its uses; so did the Egyptians; so did the early Europeans. They found in the horse an animal whose leg formation gave it a leverage all out of proportion to its size and weight, and they gave speed and power to their chariots by hitching up just as many horses as man could guide.

But civilization failed to improve on nature in horse making—with the result that, until comparatively recently, man's wheels turned no faster than did those of Tut-an-akh-amen.

Now, all this was not from lack of trying. As far back as the first century B. C., when Hero of Alexandria began tinkering with the first steam

engine, man envisaged a motive power more versatile than the horse. Nero himself records that he applied his invention to a self-propelled vehicle which he called an aeolipile—but with what degree of success history does not tell.

Most picturesque of subsequent efforts to "beat the horse" was Dutchman Simon Stevin's sailing chariot, a four-wheeled, flat-bottomed, land-going dory equipped with two sails and steered by a rudder. Simon seems to have made good time and distance when the wind was going his way.

Most practical was Cugnot's artillery tractor, a three-wheeled truck with a huge teapot stuck out in front, from which steam continually exuded. This received close and hopeful attention from Napoleon Bonaparte, the corporal dictator of the time.

Most promising was the steam carriage of Captain Dick Trevithick, who applied the high-pressure principle to his steam engine, an operation in which the American Oliver Evans had already pioneered. But Captain Dick's carriage tore down a fence and was forthwith forbidden the use of the roads—a seeming catastrophe which Trevithick promptly turned into a triumph by placing his locomotive on iron rails and thus becoming the father of railroading.

Oliver Evans, the American, lived in a young country and had young ideas. Near the end of the eighteenth century he startled Philadelphians by operating a steam-driven affair, half wagon and half boat, with a great propeller out in front, which enabled him to travel, after a fashion, by land or water. This was the first amphibian.

By comparison with these crude early efforts, the gasoline-driven horseless carriages constructed in the '90s by Olds, Duryea, Haynes, Ford, and others were models of streamlined beauty and efficiency. But in one particular the experiences of these later inventors were similar to those of their predecessors: they met with the most determined opposition from the public they were trying to benefit.

A revealing look at our motorized civilization

Dick Trevithick's steam carriage was not the only newfangled vehicle to fall under governmental ban and popular disapproval. A photograph of Elwood Haynes in his high horseless carriage being shooed off a Chicago street by a bicycle policeman in the late '90s testifies to the long life of this public prejudice against the new mode of locomotion.

In spite of all the opposition, however, the gasoline-driven car rapidly came into its own. Just how rapidly is shown by these facts: in 1896 it was still regarded as such a freak that Charles Duryea drove his horseless buggy in Barnum and Bailey's parade as the star attraction of the show; in 1897 Studebaker, which had been the country's greatest carriage maker for nearly half a century, began seriously experimenting with the horseless vehicle; in 1898 Alexander Winton actually made a sale; in 1899 the Automobile Club of America was organized; in 1900, as we have seen, occurred the first show.

THE progress which followed that 1900 fashion exhibit is known in detail to many present-day motorists. It is worth pointing out, however, as a deserve tribute to the courage and resourcefulness of the men in our greatest industry, that many of the most important improvements have come during the decade which has witnessed stagnation or utter collapse in many other industries.

To this ten-year period between 1930 and 1940 we owe all that is beautiful in the modern car and almost all that is comfortable, according to the standards of beauty and comfort we have been led to expect of automotive design: the graceful body lines, the deep seats, the lowered center of gravity, the draftless ventilation, the reduction in noise, the handling ease, the all-steel body, the safety glass, the quick response, the use of rubber to eliminate vibration, the hydraulic brakes, improved lighting, a dozen other contributions to riding comfort and safety.

That these miracles have been achieved during the depression era at sharply reduced prices to you and me is a fact known to every purchaser of automobiles. Fewer of us perhaps realize that the operating cost has also been reduced to an all-time low of less than three cents a mile. And practically none of us realize that these improvements and savings have been accomplished during a period of steadily rising wages to automobile workers.

How much worse our unemployment situation would have been if it hadn't been for automobile producers is shown by the effect of the industry's activities on other businesses and occupations.

When the automobile plants are running at capacity, they buy from outsiders parts and materials at the rate of a million dollars an hour. These purchases amount to 80 per cent of all the crude rubber used in

the United States, 69 per cent of the plate glass, 65 per cent of the leather upholstery, 54 per cent of the alloy steel, 53 per cent of the strip steel, 53 per cent of the malleable iron, and large fractions of the mohair, lead, nickel, copper, aluminum, glycerine, and zinc consumptions. In short, the ability of those engaged in all of these industries to keep their men employed during the depression has depended largely on the automotive industry.

The farm has especially felt the first aid of modern motor making. Cotton is used in making lacquers, tires, upholstery, insulation, and safety glass. Corn goes into molded plastics, textile sizing, adhesives, and fiberboard; flax into paints; goat hair into mohair for upholstery; sugar cane into alcohol and insulating material; and so on down the list of agricultural and mineral products.

But great as the automobile industry has become—and it is so great that it is responsible for the payment of one out of every eight of our tax dollars and for the existence of one out of every seven of our jobs!—the change which it has made in American life these forty years is even more imposing.

The cold, drafty, ill equipped, and greatly overrated little red schoolhouse has been giving way each year, until now over three million country children, transported in over eighty thousand school buses, receive modern instruction, in good weather and bad, in over thirty thousand well equipped consolidated schools.

Older people also share in this spread of culture. They hear the big-town lectures and concerts and sermons, attend the big-town movies and plays and pageants, browse in the big-town libraries and museums—even though they live and work on isolated farms fifty, a hundred, two hundred miles from a metropolis.

Life on that farm, no matter how isolated, is no longer a barren one. Back from the city the farmer brings new tools and new ideas to help him with the work in the fields. The farmer's wife brings not only labor-saving devices to help with her work in the kitchen, but frocks and frills to beautify her person, furniture and decorations to beautify her home, books and magazines to beautify her mind.

CONVERSELY, the city dweller breathes again. Saturdays and Sundays he bundles his family into the shiny new car or the durable old one, and spends long healthful hours out in the country. In vacation time city dweller and country dweller alike see the world. Every year we enjoy nearly five billion dollars' worth of touring fun.

Thousands of lives have been saved because doctors drive with steering wheels instead of reins. Millions of dollars' worth of property, hundreds of thousands of homes, have been saved by a motorization of fire apparatus which has resulted in cutting fire losses in half over a ten-year pe-

riod. Thousands of lives have been saved and thousands of criminals captured because radio-equipped, gasoline-driven police cars patrol continuously our streets and highways. Millions of dollars have been saved from gangsters and highwaymen because bank funds and pay rolls are transported in armored cars.

In twenty-five years the bus business has grown from one jitney in Hibbing, Minnesota, to a nation-wide empire. Buses in cities were followed by buses between cities, then by state-to-state buses, and finally by coast-to-coast buses. Hard-seated, ill ventilated, gear-grinding vehicles gave way to cushioned, smooth-running streamlined and air-conditioned ones.

MEANWHILE business men, big and little, regardless of the nature of their merchandise, were turning to truck delivery and truck servicing because of its speed, flexibility, and low cost. The little man owned a one- or two-ton delivery wagon. The big corporation operated fleets of motor-driven vehicles of every size and type. In 1938 the Bell System topped the list with 16,000; Standard Oil Company of New Jersey followed with 12,000. Today there are more than seven million trucks operating on the highways of the world, more than four million on the highways of the United States.

Then there is the business of transporting money in forts on wheels.

Back in 1859 a New Englander named Brink went to Chicago, bought himself a horse and cart, and began rustling trunks and parcels for a living. At that time pay rolls and bank moneys were transferred through the streets by silk-hatted messengers carrying black satchels. One day, however, the Home National Bank had occasion to send over to the Federal Building six bags of silver dollars. Each bag weighed sixty-one pounds. The messengers balked—and the bank hired Brink.

It was, Brink decided, an idea. Thereafter Brink's Express specialized in the bank and pay-roll trade. When the automobile came into general use, Brink's adopted it. They used ordinary motorcars at first, but a couple of murders and a bomb explosion convinced them that transporting money in the gang era was no touring pastime. Hence the armored car.

Today Brink companies operate hundreds of them in some six hundred cities, and they protect the safety of their transportations with insurance policies totaling over a billion dollars. Other huge concerns function similarly in different parts of the country.

And what will come next?

Well, the trailer, although not the sensation that it was first thought to be, has great unrealized possibilities. There are over a million of them now registered in this country, including a trailer movie theater, a trailer police station, a trailer dentist's office,

a trailer public library, a trailer Western Union telegraph office, and a trailer cathedral.

Scooters, too, are rapidly coming into general use. A veteran postman, tiring of bunions and falling arches, has invented one which cuts twenty-five per cent off his former walking time.

There may also be further radical style changes in the present type of car. Architect Fuller's much publicized Dymaxion and geneticist Bridges' Lightning Bug look funny to us now, but they have their points. So has the tiny doodle-bug Powel Crosley has evolved in his commendable search for a practical \$200 automobile.

The next great improvement, however, would seem to depend largely on the general public. Even if the automobile industry should be content to rest on its laurels—which it won't be—great advances can still be made in the speed and comfort and safety of automobile traffic.

Take the matter of roads.

Compared with the famed Lincoln Highway of twenty-five years ago, which for long stretches consisted of a row of painted telephone posts marking rocky river beds and abandoned railroad rights of way—the latter with the holes left by the uprooted wooden ties still unfilled—the highways of America are both smooth and wide.

IN the cities, however, we still crawl. In single file we thread our way through long lines of idle cars, parked and double-parked. In the supposed centers of civilization we still travel at the rate our grandfathers did.

Which means that we are traveling at that rate most of the time. Most people don't travel from coast to coast or even from state to state. Ninety per cent of all motor trips are under thirty miles; 80 per cent of all truck trips are under twenty miles. The open roads of the country are no longer a problem. It is the closed roads of the cities that slow a motorized world to a pedestrian pace.

The annual waste of time by business vehicles caused by congested traffic would, according to some authorities, pay for the clearing of slum sections and the building of wide highways, like those we are accustomed to in the country, straight through the hearts of all our municipalities.

The progressive city of Buenos Aires is showing the way by building straight through its most crowded business and residential section the widest street in the world—four hundred and fifty feet from curb to curb, three lines of traffic in each direction, and underground parking spaces for more than three thousand cars.

What South Americans can do, North Americans can do—must do if the automobile is to continue increasingly to spread its blessings throughout the land!

THE END

"The worst fight I ever had with my wife"



1. My wife came from a rich family. I came from a poor one. And we got along swell ... that is, until the baby came.



2. Then Peggy's ritzy upbringing started to tell. She spoiled the baby from morning till night. You never saw as many special gadgets as she bought for that child. Finally one day I blew up and we had it out.



3. "Look here," I said to Peggy, "I'm fed up on this namby-pamby stuff! I don't want my boy to grow up to be a sissy. You're going too far with all this special powder, special food, special this, special that, and above all that special laxative."



4. "Wait a minute—you're acting like a fool," Peggy came right back: "that special laxative for the baby is what the doctor ordered. He says a baby's delicate system is different from an adult's, and shouldn't get an adult's laxative."



5. "That's why I'm giving the baby Fletcher's Castoria. It's designed especially for children. It has no harsh, 'adult' drugs and works mainly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to disturb the appetite, or cause nausea. The doctor said he couldn't recommend a better laxative than Fletcher's Castoria."



6. "And listen, Jim, you know our son is cranky about taking any medicine. Well, does he go for the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria! He loves it. I don't know what I'd do without Fletcher's Castoria in the house." (That's the end of the story ... except we haven't had a cat-and-dog fight since!)

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

Lightning in the night

READING TIME • 34 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

BY FRED ALLHOFF

August of 1945! The United States invaded by the combined forces of Germany, Russia, and Japan! Seattle and other Northwestern cities had already fallen to the latter.

Lieutenant Doug Norton and his cameraman Rodgers had left the west coast under orders of Rear Admiral O'Shane and flown to New York, much to Norton's disappointment. He had been hoping for an assignment in Baltimore, where he could see his sweetheart, Peggy O'Liam.

Norton and Rodgers found Manhattan surrounded with barrage balloons, Central Park full of bomb shelters, women driving buses

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

and cabs. The night of their arrival Hitler's air force turned loose! Lower Manhattan, the piers along the rivers, railroad terminals, markets, near-by Jersey, skyscrapers, bridges—all felt the German air fury. Transportation was crippled, food rationed, water down to a trickle.

The only ray of sunshine in the dismal pic-

ture came to Norton when Admiral O'Shane appeared unexpectedly at his hotel, and with him was—Peggy. O'Shane had flown to New York to get Norton and Rodgers and take them to Washington. They were to drop Peggy off again in Baltimore to continue her search for Baron von Holtz, German spy and saboteur, whom she had known in Hawaii and who was now thought to be in Baltimore.

In Washington Norton and Rodgers heard of the continued daily bombing of New York and the final ascendancy of the United States Air Force in that region after incalculable damage had been done.

Hitler then shifted his attack and boldly and unexpectedly struck at Baltimore. Here-



Two flanking companies armed with howitzers brought up a cross fire and light-grenade throwers added their missiles.

tofore deemed impregnable, it fell in a few hours, due to fifth-column activity. Late next day Norton, watching motion pictures of Baltimore's evacuation, spied von Holtz disguised as a priest and—right behind him—Peggy O'Liam!

PART EIGHT— THE FALL OF BALTIMORE

AS they left the Navy Building that afternoon Jock Rodgers was tactfully silent. He knew how dangerous Peggy O'Liam's mission had been. And—with no word in Washington concerning either the girl or von Holtz—how worried Norton must be.

Before leaving the Navy Building they had sought out the Intelligence agents who had made the photographs of the evacuation of the "Monumental City." They had taken their pictures early that morning along U. S. Highway 1 between ElkrIDGE and Savage, Maryland. Their information was not reassuring.

Nazis take Washington! A vivid chapter of battle in a startling novel of 1945

The scene—as their pictures had shown—had been one of indescribable confusion. Frantic women separated from their children. Young mothers trudging south, carrying babies and bulging suitcases stuffed with such belongings as they had been able to salvage. Men, their faces numb with shock or twisted with hatred, plodding along the congested highway. A few had been unashamedly crying—the bitter tears of mingled impotence and rage.

At least a third of the refugees had failed to escape. Their long line had been severed outside Savage when German dive bombers, swooping low over the defenseless people, had ma-

chine-gunned a swath through their line at an intersection where a connecting road to Ellicott City crossed the main highway.

As the unarmed civilians dragged their dead and wounded from the highway, a Nazi column of infantry in trucks, preceded by tanks—the left flank of the German Expeditionary Force—roared and clanked northwest on the connecting road in an enveloping movement about Baltimore.

"We narrowly missed being cut off from escape ourselves," one of the agents told Norton and Rodgers. "We were just south of the intersection when the line was cut."

They had been up and down that slow-moving line in their covered picture truck several times, often traveling off the road shoulder to get their pictures. Neither he nor his fellow agent could recall in what part of the line they had taken the pictures of von Holtz and the girl.

Communications between Balti-

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA



more and the capital—only thirty-eight miles apart—were disrupted. There was nothing to do but wait. Intelligence had not yet been able to obtain for the General Staff a complete and authentic picture of how the fall of Baltimore had come about.

As Norton and Rodgers walked wordlessly along Constitution Avenue, both realized that one of three things could have happened to Peggy.

She could have been among those wounded or killed at the intersection by machine-gun fire from the dive bombers. The chances for that, happily, were small.

She might have been trapped in now German-occupied territory when the trailing third of the refugee line had been cut off. Or . . .

Young Jock Rodgers, stealing a glance at the grim face of Lieutenant Norton as they turned between the Labor Department and Internal Revenue Buildings and walked up Twelfth Street toward their hotel, could hold his silence no longer.

"Chances are, Doug," he said with forced cheerfulness, "that she's perfectly all right. Remember, two thirds of those people got through safely."

Norton shook his head.

"Thanks, Jock," he said softly, "but that isn't true. She's trapped. She was *behind* von Holtz in the line. And he would be deliberately hanging back so that he would be among those caught in the encircled territory."

Against that frightening logic Jock Rodgers could offer no counter-argument. He persuaded Norton, when they had reached their hotel, to attempt to get some rest. Norton, exhausted by a sleepless worried night, agreed. Jock Rodgers left the hotel.

WASHINGTON—shrine of a mighty nation, capital of the last great democracy—was the scene of feverish, saddening activity.

With almost overnight suddenness, the mighty military machine of Adolf Hitler had put foot on American soil within gunshot of the capital.

Now the streets of Washington were alive with soldiers and filled with the rumble of trucks, loaded with infantry, carrying troops north. Twice in three blocks Rodgers was stopped by alert sentries who passed him only after a careful examination of his identification papers.

At almost every government building great vans—most of them commandeered under a plan worked out long months before—were being filled with the records and equipment by which a great nation had been run.

Although the sudden and mysterious fall of Baltimore had come unexpectedly, Washington had not been caught unprepared. Days before, when the Panama Canal had fallen, the historic and art treasures of the nation, from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution housed in the Library of Congress, to the corset of Queen Elizabeth in the Folger Shakespeare Library, had

been crated and sent to the interior.

Virtually the entire contents of the Smithsonian Institution, the National Archives Building, and the Library of Congress, which contained ten million separate items, had been carted to unspecified warehouses in Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado.

Now employees and departments, already skeletonized to the bare necessities of maintenance, were leaving the capital. Clerks, stenographers, congressmen, and senators were leaving the city by auto, train, specially chartered buses. Plane service had been reserved for the exclusive use of army and navy officers who alone planned to maintain headquarters for the present in Washington.

THE President of the United States and members of his family, guarded by Secret Service cars, had already been driven to the station, where they had boarded the Presidential Pullman Roald Amundsen.

The evacuation of Washington was being hastily but calmly carried out. The government of the United States, under the threat of invasion, was moving to Springfield, Illinois.

The reason was not—as the German press later was to thunder—cowardice on the part of the nation's officials but, instead, a deep-seated hope that a city of beautiful and majestic buildings, beloved by the citizens of a great country, might be spared the destructive ravages of modern warfare.

True, Adolf Hitler had threatened, weeks before, that there would be no open cities in the war he intended to wage upon the United States. Yet it seemed unlikely that he would foolishly waste ammunition upon a capital that was fast becoming a ghost town; that—if his troops did succeed in reaching it—could and would offer no resistance.

It was in an effort to preserve such shrines as the home of George Washington at Mount Vernon; the great domed Capitol; the Lincoln Memorial; the stately and beautiful Supreme Court Building; and the White House, partly burned by the British in 1814, when foreign troops last had invaded America, that Washington now was being evacuated.

At the Navy Building, Jock Rodgers ran into Admiral O'Shane, who told him quietly how the city of Baltimore had been so easily taken by the Germans. Rodgers listened—as millions of Americans later that evening were to listen beside their radios—in stunned incredulity.

He was still sitting with O'Shane when the noise of bombs sounded in the city. He looked up, startled.

"Demolition bombs," O'Shane said. "The army's engineers are blowing up every bridge across the Potomac. National Guard's doing the same for a lot of railroad between here and Baltimore. We're keeping the B. and O. Main Line intact until we can get our people out of here."

When Rodgers returned to the

hotel later, newsboys were shouting extras along streets that seemed almost empty. He bought a paper. Its headline read:

NAZIS NEAR WASHINGTON!

At the door to his room, Rodgers hesitated. He hated to face Norton. He let himself in, and Norton sprang up out of a chair to ask, "Well?"

Jock Rodgers did not look at Norton; he mumbled:

"I'm sorry, Doug. Talked to O'Shane. There's no word—nothing—about von Holtz. Or Peggy."

They ate, in glum uneasy silence, in an almost deserted dining room. Back in their room, Norton said:

"I'm going to Baltimore. I'm going to find her."

"You can't," Rodgers said softly.

"Why not?"

"O'Shane forbids it."

"To hell with O'Shane! He got her in this mess."

"Easy," said Rodgers. "O'Shane's almost as badly floored by this as you, but it's no time to go off half-cocked. We have men in Baltimore, too, you know. Sooner or later they'll get word of her to us. A few days, a few weeks, perhaps. Wait! That's bitter medicine, but I think I'd rely on O'Shane instead of spouting mutiny."

"Sorry," said Norton.

"Forget it."

They listened to the radio news broadcasts that night and read extras from the newspaper office adjoining their hotel. Rodgers told Norton of Admiral O'Shane's account of how Baltimore had fallen.

AT noon of the day before, what seemed to be the entire German navy, followed by a tremendous train of merchant ships, had boldly steamed into sight twenty-five miles off the entrance to Chesapeake Bay.

The incessant and intolerable aerial attacks upon New York City had stripped other air bases along the Atlantic coast of all but a handful of planes for scouting purposes.

That the overwhelming attacks on Manhattan might be under way for just such a purpose, the United States General Staff fully realized. But—with seven million persons facing death by thirst or starvation—they had no choice but to meet force with force.

When, in 1940, America had come to the grim realization that its coastal defenses were both outmoded and pitifully weak, a part of its national defense program had been to build giant bombproof fortresses at strategic points along its coasts.

For the protection of Chesapeake Bay, three massive outer line forts had been constructed. They stretched—a deadly barrier—across the mouth of the bay: one on Cape Charles, another on Cape Henry, and a third on Middleground Shoals, between the two capes.

Since the war in Europe the United States had come to rely less upon supporting railway guns (track beds could easily be destroyed by roving enemy aircraft) and the outer line

forts of Chesapeake Bay bristled with fixed 16-inch and 14-inch guns and with 12-inch guns and mortars.

The huge 16-inchers, most powerful coast-defense guns known, were able to hurl more than a ton and a half of steel and explosive at a battleship thirty miles at sea. They were the sluggers—ready and able to engage in duels with unseen targets.

The leading ship of Hitler's navy—a zigzagging destroyer—was first sighted by a scouting plane flying a patrol out of Hampton Roads. He radioed in a warning, and then—as a squadron of German fighters rolled off the flight deck of the Graf Zeppelin, one of the German fleet's twenty aircraft carriers—wheeled and flew toward shore. The enemy squadron pursued him for twenty minutes, then returned to their carrier.

MEANWHILE the Coast Artillery guns were being readied. Members of the gun sections had gone to their stations. In hidden observation posts, where bells sounded at thirty-second intervals, Coast Artillery observers, through powerful telescopes, picked out the leading destroyer and relayed, by a throat transmitter, its compass bearing to the chartroom at each bell tap.

There, on a harbor map, men with earphones received the compass bearings, plotted them in straight lines. The intersection of those lines gave the position of the target.

After that, in the complicated business of firing big guns at an invisible target, the plotting room went to work. There twelve soldiers made individual corrections—for wind velocity, the temperature of the powder room, even the curvature of the earth.

Yet, within half a minute of receiving compass bearings from the observation posts, Captain Robert McNeil of the Cape Charles battery had reported: "Number One gun ready!"

And at a jerk of the lanyard Number One had sent a twisting shell twenty-five miles out into the Atlantic Ocean. It fell a few scant yards to the right of the destroyer.

Passing the leading destroyer, the German battleship Bismarck rushed in to hurl a salvo from her 15-inch guns. Her shells fell hopelessly short and the American gun crews began to batter away at relentless half-minute intervals.

The Bismarck turned and fled at thirty knots, while the rechristened 35,000-ton Himmeler, formerly the King George V of the British navy, came in for a try with her ten 14-inch guns.

The American gun crews, firing at these unseen targets, were jubilant. It was destined to be a one-sided battle, for the fort batteries could outrange the guns of the German ships and—if they dared come too close—destroy them one by one.

The German ships, cautiously changing speed and course, came ever closer. First blood was drawn when a gun at the Middleground Shoals

fort blasted a hole in the bow of the 10,000-ton Prinz Eugen.

The battle of forts and ships raged on. One Nazi destroyer, caught by a salvo from Cape Charles, sank with most of her crew. Two other Nazi destroyers, badly crippled, limped away over the horizon. A reserve supply of shells was ordered up from the divisional munitions dump that served all three forts.

At the munitions dump occurred the incident that was to alter the entire course of the battle. Nazi

planes overhead had been braving anti-aircraft fire to attempt to drop bombs upon the three forts. A number of gas shells had exploded near the underground munitions dump, whose soldier attendants had donned gas masks. A huge olive-drab limousine braked to a stop at the munitions dump, and a man in the uniform of a major general got out, followed by seven soldiers. All wore gas masks.

Two soldier guards at the munitions dump saluted sharply. A moment later they were clubbed into

This Pop was once "too tired"!



1. He was typical of thousands of fathers. Busy. Lots of responsibilities. Too dog tired to enjoy his children and wife. What turned him into a new man with extra endurance for the end of the day? Simply a new, easy way of drinking a food that fights fatigue!



2. Mom discovered in an ad that the Knox Gelatine she always used for desserts and salads was also a fatigue fighting food. Hundreds of men and women with demanding jobs* drank Knox in a 28-day test. 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test, reported they were definitely less tired.

*In the 23 different occupational groups tested were business executives, telephone operators, salesmen, radio actresses, truck drivers.



3. You and your husband may be tired because you aren't getting the right protein in your daily meals. Try drinking Knox Gelatine...it's all protein.

Drink 4 envelopes a day for the first 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for following 2 weeks. Thereafter, take as needed. Stir contents of envelope into $\frac{3}{4}$ glass of water or fruit juice. Drink immediately. (Directions in every package.) Knox is tasteless. For details on the Knox Build-Up Plan, write for free Knox Bulletin, Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. 74, Johnstown, N. Y.

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Knox Gelatine

A FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

unconsciousness, and the "officer" in the American uniform entered the munitions dump with his escort.

With timetable precision and complete surprise, they took over.

During the preparedness program of 1940-45 the United States government had hit upon the ruse of manufacturing stores of "false" shells for its big coast artillery and field artillery guns. These shells, deceptively identical in outward appearance to those regularly used, actually had a deadly difference.

Some were filled with thermite, a highly incendiary mixture of iron oxide and powdered aluminum. Thermite, ignited, burns at a temperature of between 4,000 and 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Exploded in the muzzle of a gun, it destroyed that gun's rifling, rendered it impotent.

The second type of "false" shell contained a full explosive charge, but was constructed so that the first sudden twist given it as it engaged the rifling was enough to explode it prematurely, bursting the gun.

The false shells, carefully stored in a separate room at the munitions dump, were to be rushed up to the forts only in the event that it became necessary for the gun crews there to abandon their guns. There these shells would be left conveniently near the abandoned guns. Such ammunition, fired by the enemy, would destroy the abandoned guns.

Now, a group of eight spies routed this ammunition up to the defending forts, unknown to the gun crews there. First intimation of this treacherous "switch" came when, in the heat of firing, the lanyard of a gun commanded by Captain McNeil was jerked. Out of the long gun muzzle issued a blinding flash of white and a shell plopped a few scant hundred yards away into the water.

Almost simultaneously a gun in the Cape Henry battery burst with a mighty roar, killing all its crew.

SO furious and constant had been the firing that half a dozen of the defending guns were ruined before firing could be halted. And—as firing ceased—an advance unit of the German fleet quickly closed in, got the three forts within easy firing range of their own guns, and began to hammer away. Methodically they smashed salvo after salvo of shells against the great fortresses, rocking them on their bases, throwing their great guns, that still remained uninjured, out of alignment.

Cut off from the munitions dump by planes from the enemy carriers, the American gun crews bravely and defiantly fought a desperate battle. They could not be sure which of the mixed shells that had been sent up to them were good, which false. But—despite the sickening realization their guns might burst—they pleaded to be permitted to "try."

Three more Nazi destroyers were sunk, two more guns burst before the unequal contest ended.

From the decks of Nazi airplane

carriers came bombers and fighter planes to blast Fortress Monroe, at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, commanding the Hampton Roads entrance to the naval base at Norfolk. The skeleton force of planes from Langley Field that had bravely taken to the air already had been hopelessly outnumbered and shot down.

Into Chesapeake Bay, whose mighty fortifications had been believed invincible, sailed the navy of the German Reich that afternoon. Efficient mine sweepers preceded it.

Up historic Chesapeake Bay, where the British fleet had based in 1814 off Tilghman Island, sailed Adolf Hitler's navy. Overhead droned his watchful advance guard of planes, aerial cavalry alert to smash any shore-based opposition.

Annapolis, bombarded from the air, was wrecked. Its Naval Academy was reduced to rubble and its Statehouse, where George Washington had resigned as commander in chief of the Revolutionary armies, destroyed by a direct bomb hit.

DARKNESS had fallen by the time the German fleet's leading ships turned into the Patapsco River and unleashed their guns on the inner line defenses guarding the city of Baltimore. Fort Howard was destroyed quickly by attack from sea and air.

Fort McHenry could offer no resistance—it had been converted into a national park years before. Ironically, in 1814, attacked from both land and sea by the British, this famous fort had stubbornly and successfully defended the city. It had been during that bombardment that a Maryland lawyer, prisoner aboard a British vessel, had thrilled at dawn to the sight of the American flag still waving from the fort and had written an inspired poem.

The lawyer had been Francis Scott Key; his poem, later set to music, became The Star-Spangled Banner, America's national anthem.

With Baltimore's shore defenses hammered into submission, the German train of cargo ships began swinging their equipment overboard onto the concrete docks under cover of the guns of her men-of-war.

Except for three transports containing a compact division of crack Nazi infantry, no troops were being transported to Baltimore by water. The huge train of cargo boats carried, instead, ammunition, tanks, food and medical supplies, trucks and heavy motorized artillery.

Troop transportation was being carried out entirely by means of huge long-range land- and seaplane transports that, landing in Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, and on airports from Langley Field to Dover and Baltimore, came over in regular waves of five hundred. Each fleet of five hundred planes was capable of landing a division of men, and they were promptly shuttled to Baltimore's Municipal Airport, whence they marched to the docks to assemble and

man tanks, infantry trucks, and motorized guns. The initial landing force of one division had already swung into action to batter down the last resistance of the invaded city.

Twenty-five hundred American troops of the Fifth Regiment, determined to offer sufficient resistance to cover the flight of Baltimore's civilians, had taken posts in a building of Johns Hopkins University.

There, manning half a dozen light field pieces, light and heavy machine guns, and sniping with side arms and Garand rifles, the American "Suicide Regiment" made a last-ditch stand. The heavy guns from Nazi battleships lying in North West Branch of the Patapsco River might have shelled them out of their nest in a long-range bombardment.

Instead, a regiment of German infantry was sent out to demonstrate the incredible fire power and clock-like teamwork of the German troops. Two sections of a Nazi heavy-weapons company took up posts on either side of the building and began pouring a withering cross fire of shells into it from their light field guns. Meanwhile big 150-millimeter howitzers lobbed shells over the building into University Parkway to prevent the bringing up of any reinforcements from the rear.

Caught in this merciless heavy barrage, the beleaguered American defenders fought stubbornly on, were slowly being subdued as heavy shells smashed men and weapons.

THEY had not yet seen all of the methodical German attack. Grenade throwers, crawling on their bellies to within 150 feet of the building, poured a constant rain of grenade fire at the building from concealed vantage points, while the two flanking companies, armed with howitzers and field guns, brought up their deadly cross fire, reinforced by seventy-two infantrymen manning heavy machine guns. As they moved in, ever closer, against the diminishing resistance from within the building, light-grenade throwers added their missiles to the inexorable and constant cross fire, while riflemen supplied individual fire.

Within half an hour all resistance, except that furnished by a few desperate American troops who were sniping pitifully away with rifles, had been crushed. Not a field piece or machine gun seemed left intact.

A reserve mop-up company of Nazi troops entered the building, threaded their way among the dead, one of whom—a broad-shouldered, plaster-smearing Irish sergeant—lay grotesquely, still clutching a machine gun.

The company of German troops inspecting the floor of the building on which he lay were about to leave when a voice calmly inquired:

"Which one of you homely galoots speaks English?"

The Nazi soldiers wheeled. From around one of the few remaining pillars on that floor of the building

protruded the homely snout of "dead" Sergeant Michael Donovan and the homelier snout of his machine gun. Half a dozen Nazi troops brought up their weapons, only to find themselves caught in the mercilessly accurate fire of Sergeant Donovan's machine gun.

Into the air went a hundred pairs of Nazi hands. Sergeant Donovan grinned. "I asked a civil question," he said. "A question, anyway. Who speaks English?"

A German officer stepped forward, said, "I do."

Sergeant Donovan, of the Suicide Regiment, one wary eye on the floor entrance, told the German officer to order his men to remove their tunics and helmets and substitute those taken from American dead and wounded.

"Then pick up your guns—with your backs to me—and go to the windows and start shootin'," he ordered.

There was a mutter of protest, which Sergeant Donovan quelled with a burst of fire at their feet. They went to the windows, were greeted by a withering barrage from the confused troops outside.

"Ha!" said Donovan as they ducked. "You don't like it. Well, tell 'em so. Fire away, you Dutch dopes!"

His machine gun put a period to the order. They fired, halfheartedly, into the air. One of them, during a lull, shouted to his comrades outside in German.

"That won't help you," shouted Donovan. "They want this building. To get it, they got to take me. To take me they got to take you—the whole hundred of you. A hundred to one! And there's millions more of us Americans when I'm gone. That'll give you some idea of your chances. Now shoot, and shoot straight. You're a disgrace to the upper half of your uniform."

His machine gun chattered, and three Germans wheeled from their window posts and sent bullets toward him. Six of them ripped into his left leg. He shifted his weight to the right and killed the men who had shot him.

For one hour Sergeant "Hundred-to-One" Donovan held the building with his conscript army, while confused German officers outside pondered the problem. The solution was the grim expected one. The Nazi forces outside unleashed a hell of bombardment that, at the cost of their own mop-up squad, finally crushed the enforced resistance.

An Irish ex-truck driver became the first individual hero of the invasion of America. The story of heroic Sergeant Donovan, later learned from the lips of a German prisoner, inspired Americans from one end of the country to the other. A monument in his honor was erected at Springfield, provisional capital of America.

"Hundred to one!" became the slogan, the rallying cry of American troops everywhere. It was a slogan

that at first proved difficult to follow. But, though the untried soldiers of a peace-loving nation were pitting themselves against the awful odds of the greatest war machine ever created, their spirits did not buckle.

"Remember Donovan," they told each other quietly.

The German High Command, after the fall of Baltimore, sent division after division of Nazi troops into the city. They were flown in from assembly points as far away as the Azores, secret landing fields in the interior of Mexico, captured Canal Zone airports, and Brazil.

BY noon of the day after Nazi troops first had landed, roaring Panzer divisions had encircled Baltimore and its environs. The Nazi concentration and supply zone was enclosed in an arc that swept out from Sherwood Forest to Ellicott City to Bel Air and Havre de Grace.

Virtually the entire State of Delaware and portions of Maryland and Virginia were cut off when invading German troops established a line from Perryville to Delaware City. The flat sandy beaver-shaped peninsula formed by Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River became a Nazi-controlled zone of the interior.

The American General Staff meanwhile, drawing its troops from as far north as Maine, as far south as Richmond, had concentrated its First Army in the Cumberland Valley.

The United States Second Army meanwhile was being mobilized in the Columbus, Ohio, area. General Headquarters for the United States air fleet had been moved from Langley Field to Port Columbus.

First engagement between the Nazi and American forces occurred at Dug Hill Ridge, southeast of York, Pennsylvania, near the Pennsylvania-Maryland state line.

Lieutenant Norton and Jock Rodgers, ordered to the front, participated in that initial engagement. The first German drive had started northwest, and on the morning of September 1, 1945, German scouting planes and dive bombers roared above a clump of woods where an American mechanized division, its tanks hidden beneath trees, awaited the attack.

A fourth tank had been added to a tank platoon so that motion pictures could be taken, and Jock Rodgers, his camera ready, sat deep in the light-armored ten-ton tank to the right of the driver, while Lieutenant Norton rode in the turret beside the tank's sergeant-commander. They were equipped with crash helmets and goggles, and the sergeant said: "You're going to be black-and-blue tomorrow. These hell buggies weren't built for their riding qualities. We'll try to get you your pictures, but if the going gets too hot, you'd better forget about the pictures and go to work with your machine guns."

"What happens," Rodgers in-



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FORMAL
GOWNS
LIKE I USED TO**

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quired, "if an antitank gun puts a bullet through our armor plate?"

The sergeant grinned.

"It bounces around inside here until it gets tired, so don't forget to duck."

"I'm not sure I'm going to like this," said Rodgers.

They heard the German attacking forces before they saw them. Out of the southeast came a clattering, clanking rumble that swelled to a mighty thunder. Suddenly, around a road curve skirting a forest, cloaked in dense smoke, burst the leading tanks of a Panzer division of 450, guns cracking, steel tracks clattering, motors roaring as they lunged forward in a narrow column to attempt a break-through of the American lines of defense.

Jock Rodgers found himself slammed from side to side and up and down in his seat as their own combat car platoon went into action, but he kept his camera grinding away through a machine-gun slot. He attempted to shout something to the driver, found his words drowned in the roar of motor, tracks, and guns.

As, out of the smoke, came the huge 70-ton steel monsters leading the Panzer division, he wondered desperately how anything devised by man could stop such land battleships. As they thundered on in wave after relentless wave, he saw the American heavy tanks charge them, blasting away with 37-millimeter cannons.

He saw a massive German tank come to a grinding halt as a shell ripped loose its track. He saw an American light tank veer crazily and driverless as a penetrating bullet sent a spray of steel splinters into the bodies of driver and port sponson gunner.

The oblique attack from ambush of the American mechanized division forced the thundering column of Nazi tanks to the right through a flat field, and for a moment victory seemed assured as land mines, carefully planted for just such a maneuver, were tripped and let go with devastating explosions where the leading Nazi tanks had run over them. But the following tanks of the Panzer division quickly swung back onto the

roadway, matching their own heavy-fire power with that of the American mechanized division.

Recklessly the Nazi tanks charged on toward the American artillery lines, where antitank defenses, manned by men in trenchlike "fox holes," awaited their approach.

The leading tanks had spread out in "gangs" of three, and when they were within 1,000 yards of the first group of concealed antitank guns the American crews fired. Lieutenant Norton saw the sergeant riding in the tank turret beside him scowl. He could not hear the words he uttered, but reading his lips he caught the phrases:

"Damn it! Hold fire! Hold fire!"

And after that, what he saw was another macabre nightmare of modern warfare. The defending American gun crews, in firing, had revealed their positions. Nazi tanks, charging them, ripped the fox holes with bursts of fire. One American ground crew, unhit by the guns of the advancing tanks, was trapped in its fox hole and cremated by a twenty-foot stream of liquid fire. Still another gun crew, crouching helplessly in its pit, was raked with bullets fired from the Nazi tank's machine guns against a rear splash plate that deflected the stream of death into the subterranean gun trench.

AND then Lieutenant Norton saw the tank sergeant wheel about beside him in the turret to man his .30-caliber antiaircraft gun. Norton ducked as the roaring Nazi dive bombers came down at them. He heard the chatter of the antiaircraft gun, saw a bomb drop ahead of them and pit the earth, felt his head smash against the steel sides of their tank as they slammed down into the shell hole and tipped up precariously to ride its far slope to level ground. And, to one side, he saw the smashed and burning plane that the tank sergeant had brought down.

Most of the dive bombers had gone on ahead to blast with bombs and rake with machine-gun fire gun positions that they had been unable to spot from the air until now. Screaming down out of a one-sided dogfight

that raged high above, they attacked tanks and antitank gun crews with savage efficient ferocity.

Under the precise co-ordinated onslaught of the Nazi Panzer division, American resistance had crumbled. The German break-through had been accomplished, the American mechanized division split and scattered, its artillery defenses wiped out. A flanking movement now might pocket those tanks remaining. The sergeant signaled the driver by kicking against the driver's right shoulder. Their combat car wheeled swiftly and fled to the right. They reached bivouac that night and talked with other tank commanders who had escaped. From their observations Norton compiled a report.

Some of the American medium tanks had blind spots that needed correction. More streamlined tanks, capable of offering minimum area of vulnerability to enemy fire, were needed. Antitank guns of greater velocity were required. But . . .

Sergeant Graves, who had commanded the tank in which Jock Rodgers and Lieutenant Norton had engaged in the "Battle of Dug Hill Ridge," summed it up.

"Co-ordination," he said quietly. "A long word for training, training, and more training. And that training under fire. We're up against veterans. They have planes helping them. We haven't—yet."

"You saw our antitank defenses get it this afternoon. They fired too soon. I don't say you or I wouldn't have done the same thing. When seventy tons of steel is charging down on you, you're liable to get an itchy trigger finger. But our men have got to learn that fire has to be held until those big fellows are within a thousand feet of them. Then's the time to blast away. If they score a hit—and they should at that distance—they've got a Nazi tank. If they miss . . ." He shrugged. "Then they're dead pigeons. It's nerve-racking to wait for a sure shot when all hell is coming at you. But we're going to lose a lot of men and tanks and battles until we get the knack of those two words, 'Hold fire.'"

"This is a brand-new kind of war to us. Once we get the hang of it, we can kick the hell out of those Germans. We've got the equipment. Except for a few bugs, it's all right. Now we've got to learn to use it."

Jock Rodgers with his motion-picture record, Lieutenant Norton with his report, flew to Springfield, Illinois, new seat of America's government, the next day. Their bodies ached from bruised muscles received the day before.

A newspaper, which they picked up at an airport en route to Springfield, carried dismal news. The German Expeditionary Force had pushed across the Susquehanna. Even as they read the accounts of the battle in which they had participated, Nazi troops were marching up Market Street in Wilmington, Delaware.

And the Second Army of the Ger-

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man Expeditionary Force had pushed southwest to America's deserted capital.

Up Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, marched three divisions of Adolf Hitler's crack and seasoned troops. And as they marched they sang triumphantly:

"Make way, make way, here come the brown battalions!

Make way, make way, the Storm Troop men are here!

Upon the Swastika the millions look with longing.

The day of freedom and of bread is near.

"At last, at last, we hear the bugle calling!

It finds us armed and eager for the fray.

Soon Hitler's flags will fly throughout the nation,

Soon bitter slav'ry will have passed away."

The words were those of the Nazi anthem—the Horst Wessel song.

"Freedom and bread," snarled Jock Rodgers. "Why, that son of a . . ."

"How about his flags flying throughout the nation?" Norton inquired. "Can you imagine the swastika flying from the Capitol?"

It was no longer something that required imagination; for even as Norton spoke the words, the German emblem floated in the breeze from a perch atop the bronze statue of Freedom on the Capitol's dome.

In the bustling, confused, and suddenly expanded city of Springfield, Illinois, Lieutenant Norton felt a stab of nostalgic, painful remembrance. Close by this city that had become the nation's temporary capital was the little town of Clinton, Illinois, home of Peggy O'Liam.

He and Jock Rodgers were taken to an office building. A black-and-white painted sign over its entrance proclaimed it to be the WAR AND NAVY BUILDING.

In a tiny unpretentious cubicle on the third floor they found Admiral Dugal O'Shane. He said:

"Glad to see you, men. We took a hell of a beating our first time out. We'll get better."

Rodgers left his motion-picture record; Lieutenant Norton submitted his report. Admiral O'Shane asked to speak to Norton alone. When the door had been closed behind Rodgers, Lieutenant Norton said: "May I ask, sir . . ."

Admiral O'Shane waved him to silence. "You want to know about Miss O'Liam."

"Yes, sir. Has there been any word?"

"There has," said O'Shane gruffly. A muscle in his jaw moved. His eyes dropped under Norton's eager stare.

"Sit down, boy! Sit down!"

"When the Nazis cut off the peninsula—and most of Delaware with it—one of the first things they did

was to establish a concentration camp. Did you know we have a concentration camp on American soil?"

The blood drained out of Norton's face. Cold fear seized him and he wished desperately that the older man would come to the point. But he replied politely: "No, sir."

"Well, we have. Concentration camp. Never thought I'd live to see one established in America. It's on Assateague Island. Know where that is?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's down near the tail of the peninsula. Narrow, uninhabited strip of land that lies between the eastern tip of Maryland and the Atlantic Ocean. Right on the ocean."

"Now, in addition to the concentration camp, they've set up a 'People's Court.' It's at Salisbury, Maryland."

NORTON could stand it no longer. "For heaven's sake, will you get on with it, sir? What's happened to Peggy?"

Admiral O'Shane drew himself erect and his eyes became hard.

"Mister Norton!" he snapped.

"I'm sorry, sir. Believe me, I'm very sorry."

"You needn't be," the older man said softly. "I'm doing a hard job rather poorly. Anyway, in the Nazi-occupied peninsula, farmers who destroy crops, insult Hitler, refuse to work for the German officers, or who hoard food are brought into the Peo-

ple's Court. I guess I don't have to tell you what their system of 'justice' amounts to. No trial. They listen to evidence. The offender is sent to the concentration camp. Hard labor. Our agents in that territory have managed to get word out to us. Scores still awaiting trial. Miss O'Liam is one of them."

In a voice that was hoarse and without hope, Lieutenant Norton asked:

"Is her trial scheduled?"

"Yes. The day after tomorrow."

"And the charge, sir?"

"She is charged with being a spy."

"Has she any possible chance, sir?"

Admiral O'Shane got up and walked to the window and, turning his back on Norton, blew his nose lustily.

"She has no chance whatever," O'Shane said gently. "She will be convicted of being a spy. The penalty, to be carried out after twenty-four hours, will be—death."

The Horst Wessel song ringing in the streets of Washington! News of the terrible fate facing Peggy ringing in Norton's ears! What will the next two days bring to Peggy—to Norton—to a whole nation fighting—grimly, gallantly, often even gaily—against the almost crushing weight of Hitler's crack troops? Drama—stark, real, sometimes tender—comes to you in next week's thrilling installment of Lightning in the Night!



SUSIE — NAME A MAIN DISH THAT SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE, COSTS ONLY ABOUT 5¢ A SERVING AND ALWAYS PLEASES THE GENTLEMEN.

LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF HASH!

BRIGHT GIRLS know that Libby's Corned Beef Hash solves lots of menu problems. It's easy on the budget and easy to fix, and it tastes simply *grand*. Libby chefs mix fine tender corned beef (*plenty of it!*) with potatoes, onion, and seasonings in just the right proportions . . . give you an outstandingly delicious version of a dish America loves. Do taste Libby's Hash!

32 LIBBY'S MEATS . . . EACH A FLAVOR TRIUMPH

Liberty's Patriotic UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION Quiz Contest

If you plan to enter this worthwhile contest, now is the time to act. This is the sixth week. Don't delay longer. Test your knowledge of the Constitution of the United States. Increase your knowledge of its provisions. Win a substantial cash award at the same time! You can win as much as \$500 cash, and each of the other awards is well worth while, as indicated in center column.

Start right now by reading the brief, simple Rules. Then read over the five questions in this week's

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	\$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES,	
each \$10	500
220 PRIZES, each \$5 . .	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES . . .	\$2,500

quiz. Perhaps you can answer some of them without reference to the Constitution. So much the better. However, if you find it necessary to read through the famous document to establish the accuracy of your answers, do so by all means. It is Liberty's hope that you will become more familiar with the Constitution than ever before through participating in this contest. When you have answered this week's quiz, save your solutions. Wait until the end of the contest before submitting any answers.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 6

1. In a Presidential election, to whom do the Electors transmit their ballots for counting?
2. Where lies the power to declare war?
3. Does a senator from a large state have more votes than a senator from a small state?
4. Fill in the missing words from the following quotation from the Constitution: "The _____ in the _____, of _____ rights, _____ not _____ to deny _____ others _____ people."
5. From what sources may income taxable by Congress be derived?

The Word Is "Punishments"

In question 5, Quiz No. 1, September 14 issue, the next to the final word appears as "punishment." It actually is plural in the reference involved and for the purposes of this contest all contestants are requested to mark in a terminal "s" on this word so that the expression will read "cruel and unusual punishments."

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you are just entering and need the first five quizzes to bring your set up to date, request reprints from the address in Rule 8 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Your request will be filled without delay.

Send for the Constitution

Liberty has available reprints of the Constitution for use as reference in this contest. If you desire one of these handy reprints, please enclose ten cents in stamps to cover the expense of mailing and handling. Orders will be filled in the order of their arrival, and we suggest that you act promptly if you intend to avail yourself of this offer. Please use the address given in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the \$500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the \$250 Second Prize, \$100 Third Prize, and \$50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive \$10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.



Hollywood pictures a
heroic trek — Another
epic of our yesterdays

BY BEVERLY
HILLS

Faith..

Brenda Joyce as the
playful heiress
in Public Deb No. 1.

and a promised land

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ BRIGHAM YOUNG

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Dean Jagger, Brian Donlevy, Jane Darwell, John Carradine, Mary Astor, Vincent Price, Jean Rogers, Ann Todd, Willard Robertson, Moroni Olsen, Marc Lawrence, Stanley Andrews, Frank Thomas, Fuzzy Knight, Dickie Jones, Selmer Jackson, Frederick Burton, Russell Simpson, Arthur Aylesworth, Chief Big Tree, Davidson Clark, Claire DuBrey, Tully Marshall. Screen play by Lamarr Trotti based on a story by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 112½ minutes.

THIS purports to be an epic of Brigham Young's leadership of a new religion, with a panorama of his historic trek with his followers, some 2,400 families, across 2,000 miles of virgin woodland and desert to Salt Lake City. But—since it carefully dodges that fundamental of Mormonism, plural marriage — it lacks honesty, color, and authenticity.

Actually the film pictures the persecution of the Mormons in Illinois, the killing of the founder of Mormonism, Joseph Smith, the long march of the chosen people led by Brigham Young across Iowa, on through Nebraska and Wyoming, up into the Rockies, to the barren, blistered Salt Lake valley—through blizzards and over frozen rivers, past puzzled Indians, defeating intoler-

ance and almost incredible hardships through a hardy faith.

The polygamy issue is avoided and the result is just a long covered-wagon quest for a promised land, with the Mormons eternally harassed and persecuted. Tyrone Power is a young and stalwart follower of the prophet, Linda Darnell is the girl he wants to make wife No. 1, Vincent Price is a hammy, handsome Joseph Smith. Dean Jagger's Brigham Young, the Vermonter with the Puritan background, is the best performance of the lot, but it doesn't get very far into the real leader of the Latter-day Saints who built Salt Lake City, who became governor of Utah Territory, who begat fifty-seven children, left behind him an established faith, a fortune, and nineteen wives.

VITAL STATISTICS: They built a twenty-acre Salt Lake City, consisting of fifty-five buildings, near Lone Pine. Not far away was the Mormon winter camp as it existed at Council Bluffs, Iowa, with log cabins and tents. Took ten minutes to get from one set to the other by bus, a journey that occupied Young and his followers a year. The Snake River scenes were accomplished by tapping the Los Angeles aqueduct. Movie crew of fifty men dug a river for a quarter of a mile, 3,000,000 gallons being absorbed in two days' shooting. Swamp scenes were shot with temperature 109 degrees in the shade. Shooting some scenes 8,500 feet up in the San Bernardino mountains, the company

encountered echo trouble. Finally they had to shoot without sound, later record the sound back at the studios. One unit, with a double for Dean Jagger, did go to Utah

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

No wonder we're singing — *Leo*



Advertisement for
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

for shots. Here the Mormons requested that the double should not smoke, even between scenes, out of respect for their leader. . . . Producer Darryl Zanuck is mighty proud of the fact that the movie duplicate of the Mormon trek cost five times as much as it did the original Latter-day Saints. . . . Twice denied a real chance in Hollywood, Dean Jagger returned to the New York stage to score as Jesse James in the foot-light effort, *Missouri Legend*. Jagger hit Hollywood in 1928 after a vaudeville tour, played an Egyptian in *The Sign of the Cross*, quit filmdom, and returned to Manhattan. Jagger is said to have some of the prophet's physical characteristics, being six feet two, weighing 200 pounds. Brigham actually was five feet ten, and handsome. Dean, by the way, was born in Ohio, later lived with his parents on a farm near Fort Wayne, Indiana, attended Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana.

★ ★ 1/2 KIT CARSON

THE PLAYERS: Jon Hall, Lynn Bari, Dana Andrews, Harold Huber, Ward Bond, Renie Riano, Clayton Moore, Rowena Cook, Raymond Hatton, Harry Strang, C. Henry Gordon, Lew Merrill, Stanley Andrews, Edwin Maxwell, Peter Lynn, Charley Stevens, William Farnum. Screen play by George Bruce. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Edward Small-United Artists. Running time, 97 minutes.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON, dead these seventy years, has become a fabulous figure of frontier history. A Kentucky-born lad, he grew up in the saddle fighting Indians, he took time out now and then to acquire a wife, he helped John C. Frémont wrest California from the Mexicans, as an Indian agent he led campaigns to put down Apache and Navaho uprisings, and he died—at fifty-nine—a brigadier general, a veteran of a hundred hand-to-hand combats, and a legend.

This is a wholly fictional fable built

around Kit Carson's picturesque life, with Kit and his friend, Captain Frémont, friendly rivals for the hand of the lovely headstrong Dolores Murphy, en route by wagon train to her rich father in California. Two ornery pals ride with Kit, one a tough trapper who spills tall tales, the other a reckless, faithful half-breed. There are attacks on the wagon train, but Kit courageously saves every one, even personally takes California from the Mexicans.

Considered as pure movie, this is an expensive, detailed, sometimes dull Western. It has one novelty—Jon Hall, the sarong lad of *The Hurricane* and *South of Pago Pago*, in pants for the first time on any screen. For Jon is the decorative, historically inaccurate Kit. The original Kit probably would have shot him on the spot—and been acquitted by any jury of the '40s.

VITAL STATISTICS: Nature did a good job with the backdrop. It's Monument Valley at Kayenta, Arizona, 160 miles from the nearest railroad station, Flagstaff. The 250 people of the Kit Carson company camped at Kayenta for a month. Navahos from the near-by reservation were employed to build the camp, maintain it, and as extras. Three dollars a day plus food. The redskins had novel encounters with the studio commissary. They tried to light sausages, thinking 'em cigars. They ate slices of custard pie between bread, as sandwiches. On location the company sank an artesian well 270 feet, hit plenty of water. . . . Every night of his stay in Arizona, Jon Hall called his wife, Frances Langford, back in Los Angeles, over a party line while some eighteen subscribers probably listened with bated breath. Frances visited the location once, when the Halls celebrated their second wedding anniversary. That's love . . . With

real Navahos all about, the role of the redskin chief went to one Al Kikumi, a full-blooded Hawaiian. Producer Small thought he looked more like an Indian than the Navahos. That's Hollywood. . . . Lynn Bari was born in Richmond, Virginia, daughter of the Rev. Robert H. Bitzer. Went to school there and in Boston, when her father took over a pastorate in that city. Lynn started in films as a dancer, first in the chorus of Joan Crawford's *Dancing Lady*, finally got acting roles. . . . Maybe you'll notice Clayton Moore as the young pioneer husband who gets killed. Not so long ago he was a featured aerialist with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus.

Short Reviews:

★ ★ **DANCE, GIRL, DANCE** (RKO Radio). Ambitious young dancer arouses the best in a rich young waster as well as in a famous stage producer. Lucille Ball steals the film as a rowdy burlesque strip-tease girl who never strips, no thanks to guardian Will Hays. Too much dance routine for your Beverly Hills' dish. (88 minutes.)

★ **PUBLIC DEB NO. 1** (Twentieth Century-Fox). Elsa Maxwell, toast of Paris, London, and New York, born in Keokuk, Iowa, throws one of her famous parties in this yarn of a fantastically rich heiress gone Communist who falls in love with a tough waiter in a Russian café. Possibly Brenda Frazier, the belle of the smart headlines, was the inspiration. Somehow the whole merry affair doesn't jell anywhere. (85 minutes.)

★ **STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR** (RKO Radio). A psychopathic murderer on the loose, pursued by an earnest young reporter. Peter Lorre is the throat-cutting refugee from a strait-jacket. Weird, arty, in the new screen manner, so that you hear what characters think, at least until Lorre gets around to them. (64 minutes.)

★ **WHO IS GUILTY?** (Monogram.) An English mystery film made before the blitzkrieg started. Three people in turn confess to the same murder when Scotland Yard closes in. Rather ingenious, with Ben Lyon as one of the confessees. (68 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Boom Town*, *Foreign Correspondent*, *Our Town*, *The Baker's Wife*.

★★★1/2—*Rhythm on the River*, *I Love You Again*, *They Drive by Night*, *The Great McGinty*, *The Mortal Storm*, *Virginia City*.

★★★—*The Howards of Virginia*, *The Hired Wife*, *Lucky Partners*, *Pastor Hall*, *The Sea Hawk*, *The Man I Married*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante*, *I Want a Divorce*, *New Moon*, *My Love Came Back*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *The Ghost Breakers*, *Susan and God*, *All This, and Heaven Too*, *Brother Orchid*, *Edison the Man*, *Waterloo Bridge*, *Lillian Russell*, *Torrid Zone*, *My Favorite Wife*, *The Doctor Takes a Wife*, *Those Were the Days*, *'Til We Meet Again*, *a Bill of Divorcement*, *Dark Command*, *Saturday's Children*, *Irene*, *The Biscuit Eater*, *It's a Date*, *Johnny Apollo*, *Primrose Path*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *Too Many Husbands*, *Strange Cargo*, *Dr. Cyclops*.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN

(38 to 52 Years Old)

HEED THIS TIMELY WARNING!

If you're approaching middle age and fear you're losing in physical attractiveness—if you're jealous of attentions other women get—if you worry over weak, dizzy spells and notice yourself getting restless, cranky, moody and NERVOUS at times—these annoying symptoms may be due to female functional distress—So be smart! Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dave Kerr—mighty mite
of the New York Rangers



BY YANKEE STADE

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ICE hockey will come to us this winter through the courtesy of the copyright owners in the Dominion of Canada.

In a way, this is true of every winter, since ninety per cent of the players in the National Hockey League are Canadian-born. But it is especially true this year because, although most of these able-bodied young men are subject to war service, the Dominion authorities have decided that so much good will has been generated by the enthusiastic acceptance of Canada's greatest sport that wisdom dictates the ice show should go on.

There is no anatomic or temperamental reason why boys born south of the Great Lakes shouldn't skate just as well as those born north of them; but there are climatic reasons which, in the past, have been controlling. Kids who skate every day from October to May naturally grow up to be better hockey players than those who dig out their skates half a dozen times a year, when the red ball is up and the local pond is frozen over.

Nowadays—thanks to artificial ice—the number of American skaters, and therefore the number of American-born big-league hockey players, is steadily increasing.

The game, started in Canada in 1879, immediately achieved wide popularity. Starting as a strictly amateur sport, the competition between different Canadian communities soon became so keen that players were "influenced" by the more solvent public-spirited citizens to go from one team to another, until the professional game as we now know it gradually emerged.

The sport attained its first popularity in the States on the Pacific Coast during the early years of the present century, but it wasn't until 1924 that the original Canadian-spawned National League became international with the granting of a franchise to the Boston Bruins.

The story of the game's successful invasion of our country is largely the story of one man, Lester Patrick, who learned his hockey on Montreal's corner lots, went on to star at McGill University, became Canada's best known professional player, and moved West in 1911 with his younger brother, Frank, to install a series of artificial ice plants which resulted in the formation of the Pacific Coast League.

Then, when the big Eastern cities began to show an interest in the new game, the Patricks came East, bringing with them most of their good players. Frank became a managing director in the home office of the National League, and Lester, as manager of the New York Rangers, became the miracle man of hockey.

His famous front line of Frank Boucher and the brothers Cook held the arena spotlight until the kid line of Alex Shibicky and the brothers Colville came along under Patrick's tuition to take their place; and not least of his contributions to the game were his two giant sons, Lynn and

Murray, Ranger stars who rank with the best in the game today.

The spread of the game on American ice was rapid, although membership in the big league and its chief subsidiaries is still largely confined to the more northern cities.

There is no reason, of course, why hockey shouldn't be played with the same success in Miami as in Chicago, since a frozen surface two to three inches thick can be created in from three to four hours, regardless of the temperature outside.

So it won't be long now before ice hockey will be played all winter—and all summer, too, perhaps!—throughout the country; and if any of us are not up on the fine points of the game, now is the time to begin.

Six men play on each side: a goalie, who remains in front of the cage and parries shots; right and left defense men, who stay back to stop the charges of opposing skaters before they get within scoring distance of the net; and three forwards—a center, a right wing, and a left wing—whose job it is to steer the puck into the enemy cage for the goal, which counts one point for their team.

At the start of the play the opposing teams line up in spread-eagle fashion like a football team, with their backs to their respective goals. A forward from either side steps into the center of the arena and faces his opponent at close range with stick poised for the attack. An official tosses the puck onto the ice between these two. The clash of sticks as the two men struggle for possession of the puck signals the beginning of the battle.

From that moment to the time the

**How hockey has rocketed
to fame as our premier
winter-sport spectacle**

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Salicon Tablets 25c

INVENTORS

Ernest W. Wills, Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorneys, 607 1/2 Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

whistle blows for stop of play, the arena presents sport's most exciting spectacle, a kaleidoscopic intermixture of waving arms and flying heels, flashing steel and crashing wood—sometimes crashing bodies, too!—as the puck passes from player to player and side to side and the play careens up and down the ice from goal to goal.

The spectator, to enjoy the game, does not need to be an authority on the rules. All he needs to know is that five men are trying to shoot the puck in one direction and five other men are trying to shoot it in the other direction, and that the sixth man on either side, standing tense and motionless in front of his net, is ready to give his all to turn back a last-line assault.

The players—except the goalie, whose effectiveness depends chiefly on his agility—are generally strapping fellows capable of giving and taking battle in a contest which abounds in collisions and spills. The forwards are usually of the rangy type, long-armed and long-legged, picked for reach and speed. Defense men are built on the model of a two-ton truck.

The defense men take and give the hardest knocks. The game permits checking with the body as well as with the stick, and body checking, as practiced by one of these heavy-weight defense men, is a jarring business. The forwards, on the other hand, skate faster and farther than the defense men and tire more speedily.

Each club is allowed to carry fifteen men. Forwards are changed, on an average, every five minutes; defense men every eight or nine minutes; and the goalie, unless injured, plays all three periods of twenty minutes each and an overtime period of ten minutes if the regulation-length game ends in a tie.

The fact that the goalie does not participate so often in the play as his fast-skating brothers does not mean

that his participation, when it occurs, is not of the most vital importance. He is the backlog against which, in the last analysis, the entire defensive play of the team must rest, and to some extent the offensive play also.

Most famous goalie of modern hockey is Tiny Thompson, long of the Boston Bruins and now of the Detroit Red Wings. Tiny four times won the Georges Vezina Trophy, awarded each year to the best goalie in the league, and brought the record price of \$15,000 when he was sold to the slipping Red Wings in the surprise deal of the 1938-39 season.

But Tiny is not so young as he was, and must soon yield his place as the game's premier goalie to Frankie Brimsek, his American-born successor with the Bruins, or to little Davy Kerr of the New York Rangers, the physical antithesis of the huge 200-pound Tiny. Brimsek, within three weeks after joining the Bruins, had shattered the goalie record, previously held by Thompson, of 224 minutes, 37 seconds of play without a goal being made against him. And Kerr, the mighty mite, was acclaimed by ice critics throughout the 1939-40 season. Wrote one of them: "Seldom does a puck get by him. This winter, in fact, he is so good that he has scored six shutouts, been more responsible than anybody else for the Rangers' record-breaking winning streak of nineteen games."

Offense is more spectacular than defense and, in most sports, more popular; but in the ice game, in spite of the publicity the forwards quite properly receive for their scoring achievements, the rugged defense men seem to win the more lasting fame.

Best known, but not always best loved, of present-day defense men, is Eddie Shore. For thirteen years with the Boston Bruins Eddie gave all he had to hockey, including every one of his teeth and ten broken noses. In one more than usually active battle

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

1—The late Edgar Wallace is said to have turned out mystery stories at almost reckless speed, on one occasion doing a complete story in two days.

2—The line is geometrically balanced in sound, with "did" in the center, "du" and "Ku" are on either side. Then come "a" and "bla," and finally "In Xan" at the start balances with "Khan" at the end.

3—Squash is a fruit as well as a popular American sport.

4—Because if a ball bunted on the third strike goes foul, the batter is automatically out.

5—Have the shirt exposed to ultra-violet light. Most modern laundries have joined in establishing what is a real system of invisible identification. Their laundry marks can be seen—as a rule—only when exposed to ultra-violet-ray light. They are indelible, and cannot be seen at all with the naked eye.

6—The New England Confederation, formed under the official title of the United Colonies of New England in 1643, as protection against the French, Indians, and Dutch.

7—Mr. and Mrs. Ameche became the parents of their own fourth son.

8—Yes. With the claiming of territory in Antarctica by the United States, there can never be a time when the sun isn't over some part of its soil.

9—He worked out the principles for making the macadam road, of much importance in the development of modern roads.

10—Yes. The wallflower is an herb which bears large fragrant flowers of various hues.

11—The amethyst. In ancient Greek, the word

meant "without drunkenness." If you wear it, according to the old myth, you will stay sober.

12—No. They were Tahitian women. The mutineers stopped at Tahiti before going to Pitcairn, which was uninhabited before they arrived.

13—The point of temperature below which part of the moisture in the air condenses into dew. This usually happens as the temperature is falling in the early morning.

14—Yes. In maritime law, flotsam and jetsam are goods lost at sea which do not come ashore. Flotsam refers to goods that float. Jetsam refers to goods thrown overboard which sink and do not come to the surface.

15—Yes. Assault is putting some one in fear of injury. Battery is striking. But striking some one from behind may be considered battery, with assault excluded.

16—No. The quills are loose and detach easily, but they are not thrown.

17—This is the cowboy term for an unbranded calf. According to legend, one Samuel A. Maverick neglected to brand his cattle. From this came the term "mavericking"—letting out unbranded cattle—then making claim for all those unbranded.

18—The phrase is derived from the Dutch "verloren hoop" meaning "lost squad." It referred to the foremost squad of infantry in an attack—almost certain to be wiped out. Originally, the phrase had no connection at all with English "hope."

19—Michigan touches on Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, and Lake Erie.

20—Hitler gave his Axis partner a two-car armored train, carrying two batteries of anti-aircraft guns.

with the Montreal Maroons, he managed to get his nose, jaw, and four ribs broken, along with a twisted knee and two shiny black eyes. But, first and last, Eddie has given more than he has taken.

Today, as the grand old man of hockey, succeeding to that title after the partial retirement of bald-headed Ching Johnson—himself a defense battler of note—Eddie has invested \$40,000 of the money he received for his vanished teeth and broken noses in a minor-league hockey club at Springfield, Massachusetts, and is permitted to play an occasional game, as an added box-office attraction, with the none-too-strong New York Americans.

Shore and Johnson are not the only defense huskies to win fame as much by their belligerence as by their skill. There was Lionel Conacher, one of the game's immortals; King Clancy, who never refused a battle; Earl Seibert of the Chicago Black Hawks and Babe Siebert—not of the same family or the same spelling—Red Horner of the Toronto Maple Leafs, and others.

Forwards don't get into as many scraps as defense men, but when they do, they do just as good a job at it.

From all of which it may be gathered that hockey is not a game for weaklings, but the average professional life of a hockey player, in spite of the game's roughness, is about that of a professional baseball player.

As yet, the salaries paid in the hockey league run somewhat below those paid in the two baseball majors. There is a \$7,000 salary limit for the season, which now lasts from early November to early April; but bonuses are permitted for good work, and these, together with after-season play-offs, frequently bring the incomes of the stars to \$10,000 or even \$12,000. The average player gets about \$5,000 for his five months' work.

THE contracts under which the men play are like the professional baseball and football contracts, which permit the selling or trading of players between league clubs.

Sometimes these trades are dictated by a manager's desire to strengthen some weak link in his playing chain. This exigency both players and public understand and accept. There is another kind of trade, however, that invariably causes heartbreaks and protests. That is when a shrewd manager decides that one of his stars is fading, and sets out to cash in on his still glowing reputation.

Such a case was that of the late Howarth "Howie" Morenz, who had spent most of his big-league hockey life with the Montreal Canadiens, only to be traded, at the top of his reputation, if not his form, to the Chicago Black Hawks.

The famous Canadiens had been spark-plugged for many years by the great Howie, the fastest skater the game has ever produced. The famous

"front line" of Morenz at center, flanked on either side by Johnny Gagnon and Aurel Joliat, had made ice history. And now, without notice either to Howie or to his public, he was sent away from the scene of his triumphs. Deprived of the inspiring presence of his old comrades, Howie could not seem to get going.

MEANWHILE things had been happening in Montreal. Minus Morenz, the once invincible Canadiens were just another hockey club and, at the gate, a complete "bust." The Montreal public, which had long idolized Morenz, stayed away in multitudes. The owners of the club recalled, in desperation, the manager who had developed Morenz and had guided the club during its greatest years. And the first thing this manager, Cecil Hart, did was to bring Howie the Great back to his old ice.

At thirty-four, supposedly over the peak, Morenz miraculously recovered his old form and was sparking his team to another championship when he broke his leg and in the course of an apparently successful recovery, suffered a heart attack and died—in glory. The pay-off on Montreal fans' devotion to their idol came when the Canadiens staged an exhibition game against a team of League All-Stars and realized \$23,000 for Howie's widow and children.

The first aid given to hockey by the invention of artificial ice has already been noted, but its indirect and continuing influence in spreading the pastime should not be overlooked. By making possible, regardless of climate, not only ice hockey but ice entertainments of all sorts, it has attracted to the rinks and eventually to hockey itself many thousands who might not otherwise have become addicts of the sport.

Hockey and all other ice sports and entertainments have also benefited greatly by the cinema prominence of Sonja Henie. Her tours drew capacity houses, and her pictures have made the nation ice-conscious. As a result, there are ice-skating rinks in Houston and Fort Worth, ice shows in New York night clubs, outdoor skating carnivals on artificial ice in Los Angeles and Sun Valley. In short, all over the country, ice is hot.

Whether hockey, greatest of the ice games, ever achieves the vogue as a participation sport that basketball, its chief indoor rival, has already achieved is doubtful. But there would seem to be no reason in this ice age why hockey should not promptly assume in communities throughout the United States the same dominant place among indoor sports spectacles which it has long held in Canada and more recently achieved in Boston, New York, Chicago, and Detroit.

And it certainly deserves to do so. For hockey is the spectator's sport *par excellence*.

It has everything that football and baseball and basketball have—all this and skating, too!

THE END

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Did Gamelin Betray France?



FULTON OURSLER

traitors within, so we have been told. Certainly Americans cannot disregard such warnings. We ought to know the facts. Certainly the facts about the crash of France are alarming enough, now that they can be reviewed in clearer perspective. We of the Liberty staff believe that a new series of articles, beginning next week, will cast a revealing light to Americans on the meaning of the fall of France. Even as I write, Gamelin, Daladier, Reynaud, and Blum are being prepared for trial by the Pétain government in Vichy.

HOW MUCH THE PUBLIC will learn of these proceedings remains to be seen—probably very little; but a great mass of fact involving Gamelin, Daladier, and Reynaud, together with the glamorous and powerful lady friends of the two premiers, is being brought to you by one of the foremost authorities on French politics. His pseudonym of Pertinax is known all over the literate world. The story that he has to tell is not merely a political analysis—it is also a melodrama of drawing-room intrigue and boudoir treason. There is excitement and mystery and tragic disclosures of grave importance to us all in these articles, the first of which, *Did Gamelin Betray France?* leads Liberty of next week.

IN THESE DAYS, OF COURSE, our thoughts are divided between the holocaust of European affairs and the excitement of our own Presidential campaign. Next week in Liberty we present to you a portrait guaranteed to be that of the next Vice-President of the United States. That doesn't mean that we pretend to know how the elections are going to come out. It does mean that on facing pages you will find extraordinarily frank word portraits of Senator McNary and Mr. Wallace. As the darky said, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT, Robert Low, is back with the most thrilling of all his radioed dispatches, *In the Midst of Death Over England*. There will also be a football article by Will Clarence, *Why Harvard Wants to Win with Amateurs*. Frederick Lewis will tell you why the girls go wild over Glenn Miller's music—that's something I especially would like to understand—and George Jean Nathan will have another lively piece on the Broadway stage. There is more excitement and romance in our short stories, two of which are especially recommended—*There's a Moon in Mexico*, by Decla Dunning, and *A Swindler for Love*, by Luke Short. These, with generous installments of the current serials, make up a diversified issue. I hope you like it.

SALMAGUNDI:

Remember *Twilight Cheats*, by Grace Perkins, the serial which was so popular in Liberty last year? Later it had a fine reception in book form; then reappeared as a serial in a British magazine. Now, while London is being bombed, it emerges as a book in the London stalls. Here, typical of other English comments, is what the critic of John O'London's Weekly had to say of it: "The American genius for domestic drama which long ago found expression in Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* finds ample scope in *Twilight Cheats*, by Grace Perkins. This romance of New York is entirely expressive of American life and thought. It is a good story with a definite relation to life. I recommend it to those whose nerves are preoccupied."

... And while the bombings were at their worst, two other Liberty authors, Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbott, signed contracts with an English publisher for *The Shadow of the Master*, which we serialized and which will appear as a novel presently in the war-racked London bookshops. ... Recently have been reading the two volumes of *The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys*, by the poet Franklin Pierce Adams—known to readers of Liberty for his contributions, of which I wish there were more. F. P. A. has long had the habit of publishing once a week in his Conning Tower a diary of his own doings. The two volumes are selections from this hebdomadal serial from 1911 to 1934: the record of a civilized mind in the process of observing life. What particularly impressed me was the literary judgment and poor political sense of Mr. Adams; he knew good books and authors, plays and players when he encountered them, but he praised Harding and rebuked the British statesmen who would have prepared for war. Generally, F. P. A.'s journals showed that he judged accurately and fairly of life and art—with a dash of kindness underneath a gruff display of impatience, all bespeaking a well tempered heart. ... Some of which is designed to please Mr. Adams and call for the following information, please: Why not some more pieces for Liberty?

... Concerning our recent remarks on the plight of the redcaps, A Railroad Superintendent sends the following enlightening comment: "Some two years ago the Interstate Commerce Commission declared the Red Caps were railroad employees, which in my opinion was absolutely wrong, as they are no more railroad employees than the taxi driver who brings you to the station. This decision thereby placed the Red Caps under the Fair Labor Standards Act, with a minimum wage of 25¢ per hour (since increased to 30¢), and in the near future to be increased to 40¢. These boys have in the past retained their tips, which in the case of an energetic boy amounted to probably as much or more than required by the Fair Labor Standards Act. They got themselves in a jam by permitting organized labor to persuade the I. C. C. to declare them employees, and now that they are employees, the railroads pay them as required by law. But the tip system has been abolished, and passengers are charged 10¢ per piece to have their baggage handled to and from trains by Red Caps. Hence what you term 'a lot of useless tagging and checking.' I'm sure you will readily see

our side of the picture?" ... Recently attended an alumni reunion of two sturdy old American publications, *The Music Trades* and *Musical America*, on which I worked when I first came to New York many years ago. At that time I wore a mustache, which I later shaved off, when I came to work for Mr. Macfadden. But for this anniversary I let the old misplaced eyebrow grow again, and lo and behold, it came out twice the size! This great increase I can explain only on the basis of long and intimate association with the doctrines of physical culture.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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